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Esse Non Videri

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The Beauty of Thy House

DOLORES BRIEN

The experience a soul enjoys in the realization of that which is both good and true illuminates the mind and elevates the soul to new heights of understanding and appreciation. Contemplating it the soul is overwhelmed, intuitively aware of the beauty which flows from it. Again, that which possesses such a fullness of perfection is, in turn, most desirable. We must love it with our whole being; we want to be taken up into it. God, it is, Who so overpowers our spiritual faculties, to Whom we are so irresistibly drawn. He alone, is capable of satisfying the innermost need of our being to attain not only what is just good but the highest good conceivable and one with truth and beauty. The Saints in the heavenly court possess God in that manner—wholly, entirely, simultaneously. We on earth possess Him inasmuch as we live in full accord with the inner, spiritual life of the Church.

Things of the earth, creatures of God, participate in the beauty which belongs completely to God and it is for this reason that it is wrong to consider beauty only as an abstract concept for it is especially made real when it is actualized, not only in aesthetic works, but in everything that we are, everything that we have, everything that we do.

The privation of beauty in our contemporary civilization indicates the utter dearth of true values and the presence of chaos in society. St. Thomas attributes to beauty three conditions: integration or perfection, proportion or harmony, brightness or clarity. These qualities have deeper meaning than mere rules for design. To have beauty in our lives, our lives must be perfect, unified, ordered to a reasonable end; our lives must have proportion, a balance of the spiritual, the intellectual and the physical, every action, every thought must have meaning for the whole of our existence; life must be splendid, wonderful, permeated by wisdom and understanding. Whatever definition we care to give to beauty, or to life, for that matter, it is impossible to conceive either without those three essential elements.

The oneness of beauty and life is obvious, viewed objectively from the bold height of man's noblest aspirations. Yet, it is equally obvious that seldom has man either attained this integration or having achieved it, succeeded in sustaining it. The reason, of course, is to be found in the disastrous results of original sin.

The disunity, the disorder, the darkness, made evident by the absence of beauty, shadow our own time: the inability of artists to express purpose in art, and the subjection of art to sociology, is obvious on the aesthetical level. Even closer to us is the ugliness, the mediocrity, which temper our daily existence from sun up to sun down. Our homes, our streets, our theatres, our churches, our cities show nothing of a vital, warm culture springing from the natural needs and desires of the people but come rather from an external, arbitrary force, blind to the wants of men approaching perfection.

Moreover, in the relationship of one human being to another, ugliness is present: in intolerance, in prejudice, in the decline of the family, in the rampant exploitation of the human person in advertising, in industry. Wherever, indeed, love ceases to be, beauty, too, no longer abides. For beauty does not exist apart from such things but rather where true order, where rightness, where

harmony, where integration and the application of spiritual truths prevail, beauty is the necessary result.

Considering, therefore, the holy desire in man for God and the things of God, considering too, his own inability to possess them through his own natural efforts, as is made evident by our own society, life, without the Church, would be meaningless—at the very most a series of noble attempts ending in cruel, fearful frustration for mankind.

To understand the interior life of the Church is, therefore, not only essential to personal sanctification but to the renewal, the revitalizing of a Christian society at one with the mind of Christ as expressed in the Church. To think of the Church and the abiding presence of Christ within her is to know the love of God for men and to be overcome with a gratitude that expresses itself, in an unending love for the Church.

The Canticle of Canticles relates the joyous union of Christ and His spouse, the Church, in love. The Church began in love and continues in love. It is notable that modern Catholic literature is mostly the work of converts, those who came to the Church, as we ought all to do, with the hearts of lovers, who are profoundly aware of the Church's inner life in which all Christians participate and are enabled through her to come at last to know and enjoy God. The holiness, the universality of the Church, her zeal for souls, is an unending theme for Christian meditation. Gertrude von Le Fort understood most deeply the magnificence of the Church:

I am a branch on an uprooted stem, but your shadow lies on the treetops like forest shade.

I am a swallow that could not find its way home in the autumn, but your voice is like the rush of wings.

Your name rings like the name of a star.

As far as my eye can reach there is no image that resembles you.

You are a lovely column among the dead ruins.

You are a noble beaker amongst idle potsherds.

Kings must fade before you and armies grow pale, for the wind is their brother, but your brothers are rocks.

Who shall presume to speak as you speak? Would he not be destroyed by the wrath of the Most High?

You lift your head to heaven and the crown of it is not singed.

You stride to the borders of hell and your feet are unhurt.

You profess eternity and your soul is not afraid.

You order certainty and your lips are not silenced.

Verily clouds of angels must be encamped above you and storms of cherubim must cover you.

For you flower in your pride like a palm in the desert, and your children are like a field of ripe grain.

A Christian is sensitive to the living beauty of the Church. Her liturgy, for example, is the source of sanctification, yet again, poetry of a divine order. To pray with the Church is to live not only a holy life, but a beautiful one. Mass and the Divine Office, sacred as they are, satisfy man's natural craving for beauty in prayer and in worship.

Beauty is not merely something applied to a woman, or a rose, or a cathedral, but is an attribute of that which is perfect and good in itself, as it was intended by God. It should, therefore, be present, in a very special way,

in whatever is touched or united to the Church. The Communion of Saints, the Mystical Body of Christ, the greatness of her theology, the true humanity of her laws, the gifts of the Sacraments, are overpoweringly beautiful, for they comprise the very heart of the Church.

In the feast days, in the blessings of the Church upon the ordinary uses of our daily lives, in the ordering of our days to the liturgical year, is to have the beauty of the Church penetrate the most common, practical situation of life, to penetrate, indeed, with Christ, Himself.

The orientation of every phase of life, our marriages, our families, our education, our economics, our politics, our art, our recreation, our work, to the mind of the Church is to make a new society—at once, complete, perfect, splendid, beautiful—a society, impossible by our own unaided efforts, but truly realizable if brought within the Church.



The Eternal Night

ALICE McCARTHY

These Winter nights are radiant with stars, the "poetry of heaven." Star upon star gleams out a message of wonder that is the deep fire-glow of eternity.

It is for us to take the message and flee the limits of our little world to peer into the realms of the eternal night. Raise your eyes to the immeasurable heights, where mingled skydrifts of the Milky Way blow across the deepest darkness, and thrill! You stand on the brink of infinity.

A deep solemnity envelops you and an ecstatic joy surges over you. Your whole being responds to this beauty. So cherish these nights!

Cherish them as He did, He Who prayed evenings at Gethsemane. When His beloved city slept, the stars and the majesty of God shone brighter because of the surrounding darkness of the earth.

Look at the stars as the poets, as the dreamers, as the philosophers and seers did. Lift up your searching eyes and receive the message of love, faith, hope and harmony in the eternal night.

The Subway Louvre

GLORIA M. SILEO

A few years ago, busy subway commuters, leaving the IND. station at 42nd Street and Sixth Avenue, could scarcely believe their eyes. There, in the southwest corner of the subway arcade, stood a very inconspicuous book and art store. People, oblivious of the early morning hour, clustered around the store in amazement. Presently they began to drop in on their way to and from work. They browsed through the book shelves and art portfolios. Then they discovered a miniature art gallery just off the main room. Oddly enough, they liked it.

The story behind the "Tribune International Book and Art Store" and the "Tribune Subway Gallery" as the little showroom is called, is a fascinating one to relate.

Although New York City is pregnant with art galleries, Frederick George Alexan, the impresario of the "Tribune," decided some time ago that what our town needed was an art center for the common crowd — a place where white collar girls, students, business executives and the countless other types of people who ride the subway, could visit and discover what art is all about.

Why limit art galleries to the plush showrooms on 57th Street, where visitors went around on tiptoes from painting to painting and surreptitiously whispered their comments when the attendant wasn't listening, thought Mr. Alexan. Art is for all people isn't it, he asked himself. Anyone knows nevertheless, that the average person never gets the opportunity to step into an art gallery, much less tell the difference between a Picasso and a Dali.

Mr. Alexan, a soft-spoken German refugee, explained, "My idea was to create here, in one of the most traveled places in the world, a culture center where people could come in without any special reverence. That's how they come, many who never before were in an art gallery. In a year and a half, 15,000 visitors have signed my guest book. This summer alone, there was an average of 400 people a day from New York's 5,000,000 subway riders."

Mr. Alexan first thought of such an art center while he was a student and writer in Paris. He recalled how he and his friends loved to visit the Louvre. In fact, he first thought of calling his gallery the Lower Level Louvre.

But he went on to explain, "Tribune is an international word and I was one of a new group which called ourselves the Tribune, — French and German Intellectuals driven here by the war. That's how my gallery got its name."

In appearance, the Tribune International Book and Art Store, is not the least bit imposing. The display window is filled with prints of Cezanne, Degas and Renoir, but the dominating feature of the window is a stirring black and white sketch by the late Käthe Kollwitz entitled "Ecce Homo." It denotes, in the best Kollwitz tradition, the agony and fear in the face of a member of a German concentration camp, one of Hitler's institutions against which Miss Kollwitz constantly railed. Mr. Alexan dedicated an entire exhibition this past spring to the works of Miss Kollwitz, in many ways, the expression of his own bitterness towards the Nazi regime.

Inside, the Tribune is stacked to the ceiling with innumerable prints and books, all kinds of books, best-sellers, rare volumes, coveted first editions as

well as the latest offerings from Europe's printing presses. The prints range from Rembrandt, Degas, and Van Gogh to Daumier, Matisse and Rivera.

The room reserved for exhibitions is well-lighted and moderately large, yet conducive to a comfortable perusal of the paintings.

Currently, Mr. Alexan is featuring a show called, "The Unknown Van Gogh," a documentary display of eighty-eight sketches, in black and white, charcoal, and pen and ink. They represent Van Gogh's Borinage period, in the coal mine sector of southern Belgium.

The sketches, on the whole are simple and often crude but they exude a certain stark beauty. "Woman on her Death Bed" and another called "Woman Grinding Coffee" are particularly noteworthy and sensitive.

However, the prime purpose of these exhibitions is to give young artists a chance to earn their niches in the art world. Mr. Alexan is often found surrounded by young aspirants mostly from the Art Students League, discussing new shows and making arrangements to exhibit their work.

"The idea is to finance art shows by the sale of prints and books," Mr. Alexan declared. "I don't want to be a dealer and I have no desire to get rich. I don't take commissions from artists and I don't charge them rent and I do my best to sell their pictures. I like to show the work of young painters who can't afford to pay gallery rent. Some people laugh at me for getting satisfaction from giving tomorrow's artists a boost. For me, the satisfaction is very genuine."

To the fifteen thousand who have already visited the "Tribune," satisfaction has also been very genuine.



A Sonnet, 1947

*For two full years this land has welcomed peace
But time has curtained our remembrance well.
While Norman hedgerows where young Britons fell
Have withered twice (they can not cease
To mourn these men), while all the ocean wide
Laments their loss in never ending flow,
We, lost within our selfishness, yet grow
Forgetful of the men who fought and died.
Unhappy thought! It took such tragedy
To find the dignity of man — to place
Him in the scale of higher worth
Unhappier yet! Without the urgency
Of war, we turn and find we face
Again a firm denial of his birth.*

Rosemary Glimm

Forty - Seven Fashion Flash

MARY HOLIHAN



"There, madame, THAT is the New Look."

"Where?"

"If you'll just give me your hand, I'll lead you to the mirror."

"I can't move."

"Right this way. Therel Don't you look smart?"

"What's that heap of clothes in the way?"

"THAT, madame, is you!"

"Oh no."

"But of course! Just put that hood right down over your forehead. Therel Now you can't even see your EYES!"

"Oh well, if I can get a good seeing-eye dog . . . "

"And then you button the new collar 'way up like this, and you're all set. What a perfect fit! They just meet perfectly."

" . . . (indistinguishable murmur) . . . "

"You're SO right. The covered-up look we call it."

"I . . . can't breathe."

"You'll find an inhaler in the right-hand pocket for such emergencies."

"Ahhhh. Thank you."

"You're welcome."

"As I was saying, this outfit will make you the absolute envy of your friends, if they recognize you at all."

"That's what I'm afraid of, and I really don't want to . . . "

"Of course. I can imagine just how you feel, but the New Look will help you get over it. And besides, any day now EVERYONE will look just as awful as you do now."

"How ghastly."

" . . . and it's SO uninhibiting too, you know."

"It is?"

"But of course! Since we'll all look alike, everyone can just let go!"

"Oh dear."

"Now, on YOU, that new hemline is simply marvelous! Don't you feel cozy all bundled up like that?"

"Cozy isn't the word."

"It IS indescribable, isn't it? But let's see if madame's new wardrobe is complete now. Gibson-girl skirts, leg-o'-mutton sleeves on all blouses and dresses, flannel petticoats . . . do you have any high buttoned shoes?"

"Well, I hate to admit it, but, . . . "

"You'll have to get several pairs. And don't forget the spats too, while you're at it; you also get a free button-hook."

"Well, I really don't know if . . . "

" . . . and BLACK stockings, of course. No more of that wishy-washy gray. Black, but definitely."

"Couldn't I just sneak a pair of nice old-fashioned tan nylons on . . . I mean, you really can't SEE them anyway, and"

"MADAME!"

"Oh, I apologize."

"To continue: your hair will have to be cut. Short hair or nothing this year. The pin-head look, you know."

"Please, I feel faint. May I sit down?"

"Certainly not. Do you want to spoil the Look? Rule number one, madame, is NEVER sit down. It's too easy to be mistaken for the sofa if you attempt it."

"Well, if that's all, could I ask you . . ."

"Ask me anything you care to, madame, that's what I'm here for. Oh, and before I forget it, your gloves must be long, at least to the elbow, and your purse can't exceed four inches square—just a few pointers, you know."

"Yes, but may I . . ."

"What was it you were going to ask me?"

"May I please . . ."

" . . . have the outfit wrapped and sent? Of course, madame, and I'll just charge it to your father's account. Anything else?"

"Well, there is something. Would you please give me . . ."

" . . . a receipt, of course. I'll be glad to oblige. And now? . . ."

"It it isn't too much trouble, I'd like to have . . ."

"Yes?"

" . . . not that I'd think of wearing them again . . ."

"I see."

" . . . but for sentimental reasons . . ."

"Of course."

"Could I PLEASE have that old sweater and skirt back?"

Fledgling Gone

*Boy of the fledgéd heart
I knew you planned your flight,
Else — why whittle wingéd toy
And chart sky-lanes at night?*

*I fashioned subtle bars
Meaning to cage your wings,
As well ground haring hawk
Or silence singing things.*

*Boy of the fledgéd heart,
These you have left to me —
Slim, whittled, wooden plane,
Thirst for Eternity.*

S. M. R.

This poem has been accepted for publication
in the *National College Anthology* under the
title *On The Death of a Young Boy*.

The Muse of Love

DOROTHY L. BLOODGOOD

Tradition, the popular voice and the judgment of the critics are at one in regarding Shakespeare as the poet of the earthly felicity of love. For this he was "sweet" and "gentle" in his own day, as he is in ours. The evidence of the plays is beyond all doubt. It is not a question of scattered lines or single characters, but of the general sentiment pervading all his plays. It cannot be escaped; it is the very air we breathe in them. He declared his faith in the loyalty of a true lover's heart—

*Love is not love
which alters when it alteration finds
Nor bends with the remover to remove.*

In setting forth his philosophy of love, he always followed a "norm" or ideal type of love relations. It is most distinct in the mature comedies where he is shaping his image of life with serene freedom; but also in the tragedies, where Portia or Desdemona innocently perishes in the web of death. Even in the histories it occasionally asserts itself (as in Richard II's devoted queen) against the stress of recorded fact. In the earlier comedies it is approached through various stages of erratic or imperfect forms. And in both comedy and tragedy he makes use, though not largely, of other than the "normal" love for definitely comic or tragic ends.

This norm of love may be described somewhat as follows: "love is a passion, kindling heart, brain and senses, alike in natural and happy proportions; ardent but not sensual, tender but not sentimental, pure but not ascetic, moral but not puritanic, joyous but not frivolous, mirthful and witty but not cynical." His lovers look forward to marriage as a matter of course, and they neither anticipate its rights nor turn their affections elsewhere. They commonly love at first sight and once and for all. Love relations which do not contemplate marriage occur rarely and in subordination to other dramatic purposes.

Now, this norm of love lent itself to comic and to tragic situation, but only within somewhat narrow limits. Shakespeare with all the beauty, wit and charm of his work, touched only the fringes of the comedy of love. The normal love, not being itself ridiculous, could thus yield material for the comic spirit only through some fact or situation external to it. It may be brought before us only in ludicrous parody. We laugh at the "true love" of Pyramus and Thisbe in the tedious brief play of the Athenian artisans. Or the source of fun lies in the wit and humor of the lovers themselves. Some of them like Benedick and Beatrice, virtually create and sustain the wit fraught atmosphere of the play single-handed. The moment they open fire on one another we know that they are caught. It is only love that makes a man and woman single out each other for such teasing:

Beatrice: *I wonder that you will still be talking Signior
Benedick; nobody marks you.*

Benedick: *What! My dear Lady Disdain, are you yet living?*

Again, the normal love offered in itself equally little promise of tragedy. No deformed or morbid passion, but the healthy and natural self-fulfillment of man and woman, calling heart and wit and senses alike into vigorous play,

love provided equally little hold for the criminal erotics in which most of Shakespeare's contemporaries sought the tragic thrill. But in these tragedies, while the tragic issue is directly provoked by an alien intervention, it is clear that almost all its tragic quality springs, not from the operations of a Iago, but from the wonderful presentiment of the love he wrecks. Shakespeare's supreme command of pity springs from his exalted faith in love. The poet of the Sonnets is implicit in the poet of "Othello". And the dramas themselves abound in lyric outbursts, often hardly called for by the situation, in which his ideal of wedded love is uttered with the poignant insight of one who was probably far from having achieved or observed it himself. One need but think of France's reply to Burgundy:

*Love's not love
When it is mingled with regards that stand
Aloof from the entire point.*

And Adriana, in the "Comedy of Errors", expresses the unity of married love with an intensity which we do not expect in this early play:

*For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breading gulf
And take unmingleth thence that drop again
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself and not me too;*

an utterance which in its simple pathos anticipates the agonized cry of Othello —the most thrilling expression in Shakespeare of the meaning of wedded unity:

*But there, where I have garnered up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life,
The fountain from which my current runs,
Or else dries up: to be discarded thence!*

Actually the beauty and insight of Shakespeare's finest portrayals of the comedy and the tragedy of love were not reached at once. His conception of love was still, at the opening of his career, relatively slight and superficial; his mastery of technique was equally incomplete.

In the young Shakespeare love itself is not, as yet, drawn with any power. The taffeta phrases and silken terms precise, the pointed sallies, and punning repartees, full of hard crackling gaiety, neither express passion nor suggest, like the joyful quips of the later Rosalind, that passion is lurking behind.

The happiness of the love of the mature comedies passes undisturbed into the married security of "Henry IV" and "Julius Caesar". Kate and Hotspur are the proof that marriage, which is the inevitable end of Shakespeare's lovers, born not merely under a lucky but a dancing star, does not mean the end of love making.

*Kate: I' faith I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.*

They are married, and as much in love as when they first met.

Then comes an abrupt and startling change. We are confronted with what we may roughly call "the Hamlet period", which includes "Hamlet", "Measure for Measure", "Troilus & Cressida", and "All's Well that Ends Well". In all these plays there are sustained passages of poetry of form and content incomparable, in which Shakespeare definitely passes beyond the highest point that poetry had reached before him, or has reached after him. But there is also a feeling of bewilderment, almost as if projected from the author himself. His treatment of love is from the point of mystery, cynicism, distaste.

It is in the great tragedies that Shakespeare has again lost his bitterness and regained his happier outlook on life and love. The love of Othello and Desdemona is in itself unclouded. Their perfect happiness is overwhelmed by no defect of their love, and Othello's very act of murder is an act of sacrifice to love. In "Macbeth", Lady Macbeth may be her husband's evil genius, but she is united to him more deeply by their love than their crime.

Shakespeare's final period is one of return to the love of his youth. Now in his last and supreme work, "The Tempest" he creates his final and unsurpassable ideal of love, and states his case for marriage; the whole play is in praise of it. Shakespeare had none of our present day irreverence for the married state; to him marriage was to love as metre to poetry, as form to art; it alone separated love from lust; it was at once the consummation of love and its crown. His thoughts on unmarried love should also be considered by some of our free-living moderns.

No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall;

and he continues

*but barren hate
Sour eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both.*

Shakespeare had twenty years of practice between Juliet and Miranda in creating the ideal, and now that we have reached its culmination in the "wonder" of "The Tempest", we can look back and discover the meaning of the marvelous series of lovers, who in drama after drama, represent every phase of the mighty and moral passion of love.

And after dealing with every human emotion and highlighting every aspect of life, Shakespeare finally concluded that love was the only light to follow!

*The cloud capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wrack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.*



Take Your Choice

*I love the lazy way days —
The high-skied gray days,
When all the world's asleep.
I love the slipp'ry sleigh days
The white bright gay days,
When all the world's awake.*

Joan Dolan

A Gallery of Sleuths

BERNADETTE CASSIDY

Perhaps you are the type of person addicted to reading the memoirs of some retired police sergeant; to you nothing is as real or convincing as the actual or the true. But what attracts you to this type of writing? Is it not the aura of mystery and fear created by the popular conception of the detective? And from whence does this idea of the detective arise? Only one source can be held responsible for it, and this is the detective story itself as written by famous masters of mystery.

Now the main concern of the detective story is, quite naturally, the detective. And it is the detective as portrayed by famous writers of mystery stories, whom we will now discuss. Our hero, the detective, appears for the first time in the writings of Edgar Allan Poe and Dupin is Poe's contribution to a long line of legendary sleuths. Dupin has been regarded by most authorities as the parent of Sherlock Holmes, and the narrator of Poe's stories is held to be precursor of the amiable Doctor Watson; Dupin however was not nearly so successful as was Holmes. When we first meet, he is of poor but naturally illustrious parentage; he is also young and romantic. (Later authors found it more advisable for many reasons to have their detectives middle-aged.) As to his personal appearance, he was shortsighted and favored green spectacles. (Shades of 47.) Eccentric to the extreme, he was well read and was frequently found prowling about the neighborhood libraries. He was a heavy smoker and like all good detectives preferred to smoke in silence. Often, he would remain in his room for months at a time never stirring nor admitting a visitor. What he did when these fits were upon him, heaven only knows, since Poe doesn't enlighten us further. His character, however remains an enigma, since in reality he is the personification of analysis and the mouthpiece of logical activity. Poe thought it was sufficient to label him eccentric and a recluse and as we might expect this fails to make him human. An hour in his company and we should be either fast asleep or seriously questioning our sanity.

Writers on the continent quickly took up what Poe had started and Gaboriau presents us with two detectives, who might be considered fairly typical. They are Pere Tabaret and Lecoq, however Lecoq is evidently Gaboriau's favorite. Tabraret the professional, who had taken to detecting because of boredom, is contrasted with Lecoq the amateur. Lecoq, the blunderer, always liable to mistakes is frequently the butt of the professional's scornful ridicule. Almost as eccentric as Dupin, Lecoq succeeded quite well in making life miserable for his landlady. His eccentricity provides comic relief in the stories, but does not give the slightest hint that the man might be able to think. His rather rapid and shrewd inferences might have fallen from the sky for all the reader knows. Frequently at his worst, Lecoq is at his best in "L'Affaire Lerouge."

Another Frenchman, Monsieur Leblanc did for French literature, what Sir Arthur Conan Doyle did for English. Arsene Lupin, his creation, is the most familiar figure in French detective fiction. Lupin is the Apache (Paris criminal) of romance, but he is credited with little more intelligence and little less of the animal than this absurd figure is usually made to have. Lupin burgles because he finds it amusing, because he loves the sport of it. What makes him amusing is the fact that the reader is never sure which side of the fence he is on.

Analyzed, Lupin is not so supremely clever as he himself imagined, since his bag of tricks consists in an infinite capacity for masquerade and impersonation. Lupin, bent on amusement, nearly always stumbles on a murder. How he solves that murder is not too clear, but perhaps that is just as well, since a detailed explanation might betray some of the secrets of his affiliation with the underground and make him seem less of the detective. Not the least interesting feature in the tales in which Lupin appears, is the burlesque on Holmes and Watson or as he calls them Homlock Shears and Wilson.

Crossing the Channel we come face to face with Sherlock Holmes, the great original of all fictional detectives. His very name is almost synonymous with detective and its mention conjures up pictures of the aquiline nose, the curved pipe, the dressing gown, the violin and the hypodermic syringe. Holmes we must admit was eccentric, and Doyle is clever enough to force us to accept the hypothesis that genius and eccentricity stalk hand in hand. Although Holmes, has never quite lost that touch of the ridiculous which belongs to his caricature; he has in him the stuff of greatness which his predecessors lacked. He always commands respect and admiration even though his frequent empiricism, his intolerance of others and his self-esteem, got occasionally under even the devoted Watson's hide. Even recognizing these faults, Sherlock Holmes magnificently transcends the need for apology; he is the detective on all fours, nose to the ground, tracking the criminal with small sounds of animal delight like the human bloodhound he is! About Baker Street and its detective there is a deathless attraction and the Sherlock Holmes we know does not grow old.

Holmes has been followed by an almost inexhaustible tribe of major and minor sleuths. Anthony Gillingham is A. A. Milne's idea of a detective. Gillingham is the "Lord, what fun" type of detective whose whimsicality serves to mask the artificiality of his detecting. Anthony stumbles quite happily across a murder and catches the murderer by the adept use of some devilish form of intuition. This type of detection needs hardly be pointed out as unfair to the poor reader who has not the happy faculty of "recording things unconsciously."

Agatha Christie's, Poirot, belongs to the old school of super sleuths who keep things pretty much to themselves and spar incessantly with an arrogant crew of police inspectors. Poirot is essentially a comic figure with his catch-words, his conceit, his bravado, his sentimentalism, all methods of playing to the gallery. With much insistence on the little gray cells and method, he remains radically an intuitionist. Poirot talks in broken-English and it is certainly humorous to think of the incredibly small Frenchman with an incredibly pointed moustache and an almost imperial beard, gesticulating wildly and always just failing to find the right word. Agatha Christie has finally retired her voluble detective and he is now enjoying a permanent rest cure.

A perfect example of the insignificant little soul turned detective is G. K. Chesterton's Father Brown. Father Brown is a dyed in the wool intuitionist, whose simplicity enables him to read one's character in a flash. In all of his stories one starts with a murder, but one learns precious little about it; in fact Father Brown starts theorizing before there is anything to theorize about. He is the essence of paradox, for who would ever suspect a priest of being a detective; a detective, at any rate, whose detection is most brilliant when he is making wild guesses. Chesterton's stories of Father Brown are like fantastic, animated madhouses, tenanted by all sorts of wild fanciful creatures and events.

The scientific detective (a rarity in fiction) is personified in Dr. Thorndyke, whose triumphs are won in the laboratory or by means of his portable set. We find in him touches of academic pedantry illustrated by his microscope, his chemical formulae and his dusting powder. The trouble with this detective is he takes too much trouble; he always finds some clue no matter how infinitesimal and on this he bases his solution. This method is apt to engender a feeling of mild annoyance in the reader. Thorndyke is somewhat like Holmes; although, as a character he can't hold a candle to the Baker Street sleuth.

A representative of the completely American detective is Philo Vance, who, although dated in his appeal, still retains something of the strictly American approach. Vance attacks crime with psychology; he is able to pick out the murderer by a careful study of those characters connected with the crime. This application of psychology is the final master stroke; the data and classification of various unrelated facts have come first. It usually happens that the police doctors, the camera-man, the fingerprint experts produce the several items of evidence. Markham and Heath, Vance's foils, fail to group these facts in the right order. Then Vance steps in and interrelates them correctly. Despite his psychology, Philo Vance is delightful company. His inconsequential remarks, and his academic dissertations are delightfully humorous. However, Vance has passed from the scene to make way for newer, younger, more virile detectives who are too numorous to mention.

All of these detectives, even the least of them, provide a certain fascinating background for detection not to be found in the very dry memoirs of Sergeant Flip. An atmosphere of endearing quixotry, of disarming cynicism and of a thousand and one affectations is added to the story by their very presence. Such an atmosphere of romance and mystery could never be duplicated in a history of "Scotland Yard." Thus we find the detective story completely equipped with various and sundry sleuths to provide entertainment and fascination for even the most realistic reader.



A Profile of Richard Reid

MARIE MAY

High above New York's busy streets a tall, slender, silver-haired man of fifty, his hands covered with the grime of printer's ink, directs the makeup of New York's foremost Catholic paper. He is Richard Reid, editor of "The Catholic News."

Perhaps you never heard of Richard Reid. That would not be unusual, for many people do not know of him. And yet there are few men in our country who deserve to be known and honored more than does this quiet, reserved New Englander. Those who do know him, however, respect him not only for what he has done, but for what he is as well. William Spring, a fellow worker on the staff of "The Catholic News," expressed his opinion of Mr. Reid in a recent letter in which he said that he, "like thousands of others in this country, has come to regard Richard Reid as the personification of everything the term 'Catholic Gentleman' implies."

For his services as a "Catholic Gentleman" the Holy Father honored him with the rank of Knight of St. Gregory, and in 1936 Notre Dame presented him with the Laetare Medal. Several universities have awarded him their Doctorates, and the State of Georgia recognized him for his advancement of civic virtues. Though these honors together with other titles and degrees—he secured his Bachelor of Arts degree from Holy Cross in 1918, his Master's degree from Columbia and Fordham in 1922, and practised law in Georgia—entitle him to an imposing array of letters after his name, his extreme modesty is shown by the fact that he doesn't even use a middle initial. This dominant characteristic is probably responsible for the fact that comparatively few people are acquainted with him.

Richard Reid has, nevertheless, accomplished definite and far-reaching results in his quiet, persevering work—quiet because he did it without shouting, persevering because it took him twenty years to do it. Yet in all this time he never lost hope that sooner or later the forbidding wall of intolerance in Georgia and throughout the South would break down, and Catholic and non Catholic would live together in harmony. Persistently he answered each attack or misrepresentation of the Church with a personal letter to the editor of the paper. Nor was the letter fierce and ranting. It explained the Church's stand on the particular point in such a clear, logical manner that many of his most bitter opponents returned for further enlightenment. His patience was finally rewarded when only a few definitely anti-Catholic papers in Georgia still printed their vicious attacks. The citation to Richard Reid read at the presentation of the Laetare Medal made clear the reason for Notre Dame's choice of him as the recipient in these words, "Wear it as a recognition of your success in bringing nearer to fruition the scriptural recall, 'Oh how good and how sweet it is when brothers live as one'."

Since fellow workers have the opportunity to observe man under all circumstances, they are probably best qualified to give an accurate approval of the whole man. At the time Reid received the Laetare Medal Millwee Owens, editor of the "Augusta Herald" where Mr. Reid had formerly worked, printed this evaluation of him:

"The Reid we honor and love and respect is the man we know to be 100 per cent sincere. He is the man we know beyond question to be honest, to be charitable, to be dependable and faithful, to be clean in thought and deed and incapable of guile and insincerity and wrongdoing."—This editor was not a Catholic.

At the time Richard Reid left Georgia, another Southern editor gave this toast to him, "Here's to Richard Reid, a gentleman and a scholar, but a gentleman first of all." Still another printed an eloquent eulogy in just two lines, "Richard Reid is to leave Georgia. That's bad."

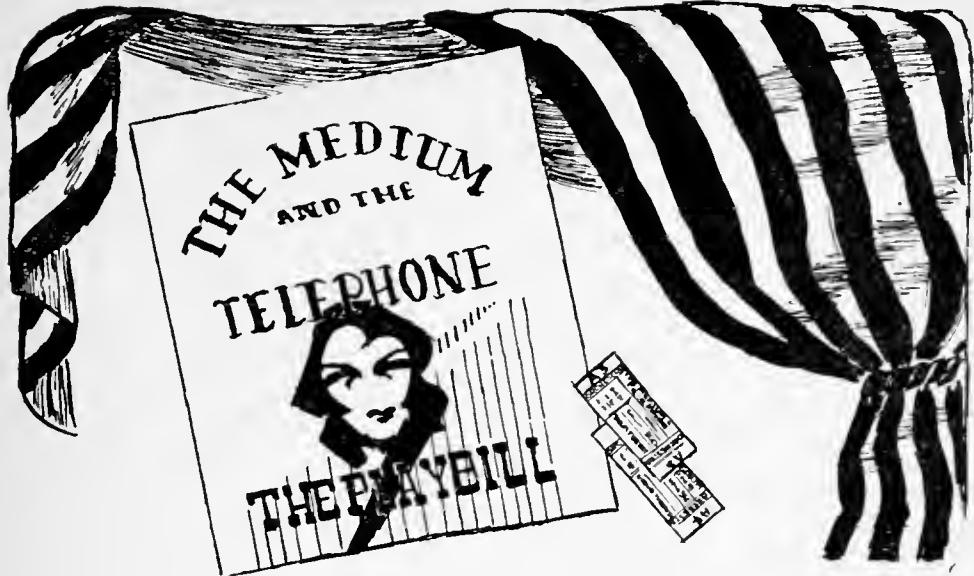
And now in that newspaper office high above the streets of New York, Richard Reid unassumingly goes about his daily job of getting out "The Catholic News". He does it just as quietly as he did all his other jobs, so quietly in fact that few New Yorkers even recognize his name. This is the way he would have it, though. The only thing that really matters to Richard Reid is that he do the job that is his and do it well.



Indian Summer

*An Indian Maid danced o'er the sea,
Clapped her hands and laughed with glee,
Blew the cockle-shells up on the sands
Then soothed the waves with her tawny hands.
And she threw a kiss to the summer-worn Sun
'Til he blazoned and blushed at this bold faced one,
And wickedly winking, she laughed at his pain
But turning, threw him a kiss, again.
Unplaiting her raven locks unto the breeze,
She flaunted her beauty, just to tease;
But the North Wind beguiled by the warmth of her charms
Swept her, breathless, up in his arms.
And carried her swift on invisible wings
To a land of soft shadow and short-lived things.
The forsaken Sun melted in tears
For the maid of September, lost through the years.
And he whimpered through Autumn, moaned with the cold,
Grew spiritless, fireless, withered and old.
'Til the rose-lipped Spring coaxed him to play,
To blush on her morning, to smile on her day;
And she willingly lingered, put off her good-bye,
To welcome the Summer, for Summer was shy.
And the Sun became friendly, eager to please,
Radiantly shining, smiling with ease;
But try as he might to forget when he played,
He awaited with longing the Indian Maid.*

Joan Dolan



Opera Invades Broadway

PHYLLIS DiGIACOMO

In "The Medium" and "The Telephone", Gian-Carlo Menotti, volatile, young, Italian-American composer and librettist gives us two striking music dramas. Both plays were commissioned about a year ago by the Ballet Society and took place in a rather inaccessible little theatre on 105th Street. In May of this year, the two were tentatively presented on the boards of a Broadway theatre. Tentatively, because a Broadway theatre means a Broadway audience. The big question was: "Could opera invade Broadway—successfully?" Opera not only could but did! The presentation ran for six months at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre. To better understand their phenomenal success we need only look at the plays themselves.

"The Telephone" or "L'Amour à Trois" is pure opera-bouffe. Since it plays less than a half-hour, it is rightly listed on the program as a "curtain-raiser." A farce of the most frivolous nature, "The Telephone" presents a fresh version of the eternal triangle, in which the third side of the triangle is not a human being, but—a telephone. The instrument is not just a thing. It intrudes on the young lovers' every intimacy—even when Ben comes to "pop the question." Defeated and disheartened, he leaves forever but suddenly decides to try just once more—this time by telephone. He puts in a call to Lucy and wins her hand as the curtain descends. The acting by Marilyn Cotlow and Frank Rogier is fresh and pert, in line with the mood of the play.

In keeping with the featherweight plot, Mr. Menotti has given us an airy, light score, distinguished by its blithe, colorful lyricism. The pace is swift and refreshingly alive. However, in its bright spontaneity, lies not only the charm but also the weakness of "The Telephone." Despite its engaging freshness, the music does not seem important to the listener. It is as if it were a first draft, not a finished product. Nevertheless, the "curtain raiser" leaves you with an air of expectancy for what is to come.

"The Medium", an eerie chamber opera, provides an excellent contrast in its musical treatment and in story material. It revolves around the central character of its title, Madame Flora, her young daughter Monica, and the houseboy, Toby, a mute. The composer himself tells us: "This opera symbolizes the tragedy of a person caught between two worlds—a world of reality which she cannot wholly comprehend and a supernatural world in which she cannot believe." During one of her planned seances, an unexplained hand brushes Madame Flora; the rest of the play is concerned with her refusal to accept a supernatural explanation. She travels through cajolery, threats, drunken repentance and renunciation to murder, and the denouement is resolved. In killing the mute, she kills her only possible answer—silence. The piece is frankly "guignol": we have visible blood, planned and unplanned specters, all possible sensible horror, and this prepared, defined, and motioned by music. But despite all this, Menotti insists: "It ("The Medium") is meant to be a philosophical play. Skepticism is a barren thing compared to faith. I try to show this in the opera."

All three main roles in the play are admirably acted. Evelyn Keller, as Monica, gives a sensitive interpretation to her role, in keeping with the fragile, tragic nature of the character. Les Coleman, a dancer, made of the mute a pathetic, moving figure. His pantomime, especially in depicting his sensuous yet futile desire for the daughter is poignant and soul-stirring. But the most eloquent performance is that of Marie Powers, the vigorous contralto who plays the tortured medium. She is completely immersed in the character and plays it as a singing actress of authority and distinction, without the traditional operatic exaggeration. Her electric vitality and superb dramatic skill serve to maintain her hold on her audience until the final curtain. You are aware that she knows what she is doing and proceeds to do it. You forget you are hearing opera and remember only that you are in the theatre.

An interesting aside on Miss Powers, a Catholic, is her custom of spending each half-hour before her nightly performance in silent meditation, while at the end of the last act she makes it a point to raise her eyes to the statue of the Madonna, used as a prop on stage left. Her religious fervor, however, does not interfere with her jovial sense of humor. Witness this backstage anecdote related by Mr. Menotti: The action of the play requires Miss Powers to murder the boy by shooting off a pistol. To cover all possibilities, the stage manager stands in the wings with a second gun, his finger on the trigger. Menotti has instructed the star that, if both guns fail, she is to discard her weapon with an oath, advance on the boy and strangle him. So far, this ultimate method of disposal has not been necessary but the composer still worries. One evening, as Miss Powers went on-stage, she whispered to Menotti reassuringly: "Don't worry—I'll kill him no matter what."

"The Medium" is, admittedly, a mixture of music and drama but there is no miscalliance here. Mr. Menotti's score reveals more than surface facility on his part. He gives the music just the kind of point it needs for the sustaining of dramatic tension. The drama is translated into continuous, even, musical expression. Still other contributions to the mood and suspense of the play are Horace Armistead's splendid set and Jean Rosenthal's fine lighting effects.

Mr. Menotti has, quite obviously, expressed something worth while in his two simple operas. His originality, sincerity and lyrical effusiveness make for good music-theatre, even on Broadway. The effect of "The Medium" and "The Telephone" is two-fold: to the notemen—it is real music; to the play-goer—it is true theatre!

The Truth Shall Make You Free

PATRICIA BREE

The world today is sobered by the scourge of war. Most of humanity is heartsick and confused, groping in the uncertain darkness of error. A comprehension of the very intimate connection between truth and freedom is vitally needed by all people over the earth but they can only be helped by those who are convinced that an enduring peace must be built upon Christian principles. Truly this is an impressive challenge to all Catholics who possess the truth of Christ; to those who have the proven plan of Him Who two thousand years ago said. "I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life."

The realization that we have a serious responsibility to share the truth we possess with all mankind inspired Father James Keller of the Maryknoll Fathers to found The Christophers. A Christopher is a bearer of Christ, who is personally responsible for carrying Christ into the "market place". Each one works as an individual. There is no organization. There are no meetings, no dues. "The aim of the Christophers is to encourage at least a million Americans to restore and reintegrate into American life—public and private—the basic fundamentals of Christian civilization upon which our country was founded, and without it cannot endure." By bringing Christian principles into every sphere of life, a Christopher brings love where there is hate and light where there is darkness. He helps to renew the face of the earth.

At the inception of this idea Father Keller wrote an article entitled "You Can Be A Christopher" which appeared originally in "The Catholic World" and then in pamphlet form. In this he stresses the idea that each individual lay person can wield far-reaching influence as a Christ-bearer, no matter how limited his or her qualifications may be. He illustrates the ways and means that can be used in spheres of influence as varied as those of a bus driver, a business man, a housewife or a nurse. He tells us that a Christopher may be distinguished by four characteristics. These are love for all people, prayer for others, going to all men, and transmitting the fundamental principles of Christ. These principles may best be transmitted by listening to those in trouble so we may bring the peace of Christ into their lives; by informing those who know not; by interest in evil doers, the ones who need Christ most; and by taking part in public life. Father Keller emphasizes this last item as the strict duty of all citizens and points out to us the opportunities that are open to those who have the interests of Christ at heart, in the fields of education, government, labor and communications.

Starting only a few years ago, with the priests of the United States as the backbone of a mailing list, The Christophers have grown to such an extent that they are now able to send News Notes and other Christopher literature bi-monthly free of charge to seventy thousand Americans interested in working to promote the Christopher idea. These pamphlets, many of them aiming particularly at the encouragement of a Christian sense of values for the college graduate and the potential writer, are mailed from the central headquarters of the Christophers at 121 East 39th Street, New York City. This service exists, not to organize groups, but to serve individuals who may be interested in the Christopher approach by pointing out what needs to be done and offering sug-

gestions and encouragement toward its accomplishment. For example, a sales-girl may be persuaded to change from a job selling hats to one selling books where she would have an opportunity to influence the reading habits of the public; a businessman might be shown how he can help to change the policy of a leading magazine that "breeds paganism"; a housewife is led to practice writing letters of protest when she comes across things that are offensive in the movies, press, or radio and she also sends thoughtful letters of praise where praise is due. These are but a few of the effective Christophers working among the Hundred Million who are less conscious than they of the great Christian ideals that are our fundamental weapons in attacking "intellectual skepticism and moral indifference."

We Catholics have been entrusted with the one true answer to peace for time and eternity. We have in our own hands that precious gift of peace that all men are striving for and which the world can neither give nor take away. We have been told to "Go into the highways and byways . . ." We have been bidden to bring the sublime message of Christ to "all men of all nations", a challenge that demands immediate and daring action. If we would only realize the power of even one individual in prayer and in work; if we planned our course of action with the faith and courage of true followers of Christ, no stretch of the imagination would be needed to visualize the good results that would follow. The one and only power needed for success is love—a consuming love for God and our neighbor which we must bring to all mankind. Father James Keller, founder and director of The Christophers, tells us that our role is "well summed up in the following prayer of St. Francis of Assisi, which breathes the Spirit of the Prince of Peace."

*"Lord, make me an instrument of Your Peace.
Where there is hatred, let me sow love;
Where there is injury, pardon;
Where there is doubt, faith;
Where there is despair, hope;
Where there is darkness, light;
And where there is sadness, joy.
O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek
to be consoled as to console,
To be understood, as to understand,
To be loved, as to love,
For it is in giving that we receive,
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
And it is in dying that we are born to eternal life."*



October Rain

*Gone is Proserpina's sweetness,
Still Demeter's tears remain,
Melancholy tears, half bitter,
Wistful tears—October rain.*

Joan Dolan

St. Augustine and St. Thomas

BERNADETTE CASSIDY

Many people are inclined to think of St. Augustine and St. Thomas as so antithetically opposed that any comparison would be useless. However the disparity between the two thinkers is not so great as might be imagined and they lend themselves quite well to an analysis of their similarities and their differences. In time and in temperament and frequently in thought they differed; in their final goal and in their faith they were the same.

Augustine was a man of intense emotions, a person capable of exhaustive analysis, whose ideas tumbled out in a disorderly and excited manner and who did his best to put them together in orderly, sonorous language. Thomas was a more cautious person, less intense than Augustine but equally energetic, who reflected carefully, studied completely and then proceeded to present his ideas in a clear and logical fashion. The fact that these men had widely different backgrounds may account for their differences in temperament. Thomas was reared in a century entirely permeated with Christian thought; while Augustine grew up in surroundings which had not yet thrown off the cloak of a pagan civilization. In the matter of education Augustine and Thomas were both instructed in the subject-matter of the classical curriculum, but Thomas was also introduced to the writings of the church fathers and to the thought of twelve centuries of Christianity while Augustine was confined at least in his youth to a background of almost purely pagan thought. Thomas received his education, in the monastery at the feet of learned Christian scholars, whereas Augustine was taught by erudite men who knew little or nothing of Christian thought. Around the early life of Thomas there was thrown the protecting light of Christianity, however, Augustine in his youth stumbled about in the black mire of a world in upheaval. Thomas grew up in the church, Augustine only found his way to her door after many false and weary attempts.

Of supreme importance to Augustine was his love for God and his ambition to have Him loved by others. This ardent feeling may have proceeded from his own experience as a youth when he had struggled in the bonds of sin and only found release by turning to God. Augustine because of this experience felt an almost excessive dependence on God which resulted in extreme distrust of his natural faculties. This distrust of reason led him to posit his theory of Illumination which provides for a teacher within us, who is Christ. In this theory he shows excessive distrust of the intellect and proposes that even in the natural realm, man is helpless and entirely dependent on God. In contrast to this Thomas places whole-hearted trust in the natural faculties of man as an aid in gaining the fortress of truth. In the philosophy of Thomas natural reason is extolled and man is not dependent on God in the use of his intellect. According to Thomas, the faculty of the intellect is man's weapon, provided by God, to fathom the secrets of the natural world, and with the aid of revelation, those of the supernatural world. Thus for Thomas it would certainly be a thwarting of God's intention in his creation of this faculty, if in its use it must always be aided by divine help.

A discussion of the sources upon which these philosophers drew may also be helpful in understanding their differences. Augustine followed Plato, but

particularly the school of Neo-Platonism founded by Plotinus. Thomas gleaned his information from many sources, although he is chiefly dependent upon Aristotle. Many of the errors so rampant in Augustine's philosophy may be traced directly to his dependence on Platonism. There is in Augustine's thought an unmistakable affinity with the ideas of Plato. Augustine's arguments in "On The Immortality Of The Soul" would almost of necessity indicate a belief in the pre-existence of souls. There is no necessity to prove the dependence of Thomas on Aristotle since he has much recourse in his arguments to the "philosopher." Why St. Thomas preferred Aristotle, and St. Augustine, Plato may be seen in an analysis of the temperaments of the two men. Aristotle was a man of logic, his straightforward, syllogistic thought would be more attractive to Thomas whose mind reveled and rejoiced in the ten categories. Plato, although he never wrote a line of poetry was a poet, a man given to writing and thinking in an obscure poetical fashion, his type of writing and thinking would appeal to Augustine who was almost more of an aesthetic than a philosopher.

The immediate aims of these men were very different; St. Augustine's preoccupation was with faith, St. Thomas' was with reason. For Augustine God and the soul were the chief objects of his thought and with a gentle mysticism he fathomed the deep well of the sublime. His restless soul searched unceasingly for the "light of the world." St. Thomas was not in anyway less intent upon the higher things. His approach to these things however was different. With astounding energy, he used his natural powers to teach man that truths were to be learned by his reason. The place of the intellect was firmly guarded and defended as the greatest of man's gifts and his only distinguishing mark as the special charge of God.

Both of these men were great thinkers, their merits have been recognized and praised, frequently to the detriment of one or the other, but each one had his individual worth, and both shine luminously in the firmament of the world's thinkers. Thomas recognized in Augustine, the greatest of the Church Fathers, a most esteemed authority in Theology and the foremost mind and voice in the early Christian world. Succeeding centuries have proven the great worth of Thomas as teacher, builder, philosopher, theologian and saint. Both of these men emphasized the ethical and religious disposition of the soul necessary for a study of the truths which are above the grasp of the senses. Both were great thinkers, Thomas indeed was the most profound, Augustine the most fiery. Augustine, who lived a life in the world acknowledged God as a living reality to be known and loved. He had an overwhelming desire to gain something more than an academic relation to God; he wanted a personal, positive, living and enduring relation to his maker. Thomas who stood away from the affairs of the world, concentrated his astounding energy and powers of analysis and synthesis on the sublimest mystery — God. Each one followed a different path in his search and longing for his goal, but ultimately their goal was the same — God.



“Give Us This Day Our Daily Bread”

CATHERINE BUTLER

Too frequently in the confusion of our complex lives, the greatness and beauty in the simple and common things is overlooked. Only when we have begun to reflect does that feeling of wonder and joy overpower us. So commonplace is the bread that we eat that it no longer compels our attention. When we consider, however, that bread is what man through the centuries, has worked and fought for, written about and so intimately connected with his religion, its greatness unfolds for us.

Wheat bread as we know it today, had a very strange origin. Before the discovery of “raised bread” people made flat cakes out of corn, oats, barley etc. While all other people feared lest their food decay, the Egyptians were accustomed to set aside their dough made of wheat. They watched it until it “decayed” and observed with pleasure the process which took place. This change was the process of fermentation but the Egyptians did not know it as such. Spores of yeast cells fell upon the traces of sugar contained in the mixture of Nile water and flour. They broke up the sugar into alcohol and carbonic acid. The bubbles of carbonic acid could not escape from the tenacious dough but remained imprisoned, puffing up the dough and loosening it. During the baking process the acid and the alcohol did escape. The alcohol disappeared completely but the carbonic acid left a trace of its presence in the porous texture of the bread.

The loaf of bread removed from the oven was so different from the simple substances of flour, water and salt that the Egyptians firmly believed that spirit hands had been at work. To them, this was magic. They were so impressed by this wonderful happening that on their tombs were paintings of the whole process of bread baking.

During their captivity in Egypt, the Hebrews learned to make bread. Although the Hebrews ate “raised bread” themselves they would only offer unleavened bread to God. This can be traced to the belief that the dough had decayed and therefore it was unworthy of God.

Unlike most of us today, the ancients made their bread by hand in large troughs. As H. E. Jacobs writes “Every baking trough was considered a living creature; each had its peculiarities. One loved warmth, the other cold; some demanded quiet, others were not disturbed by noise. When it was filled with dough it was handled with extreme care; it was covered with sheep hides or cloths. For this was to them a living thing.”

In *Troilus and Cressida*, Shakespeare gives us a minute description of the bread baking process:

Pandarus: He that will have a cake out of wheat must needs tarry the grinding.

Troilus: Have I not tarried?

Pandarus: Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Troilus: Have I not tarried?

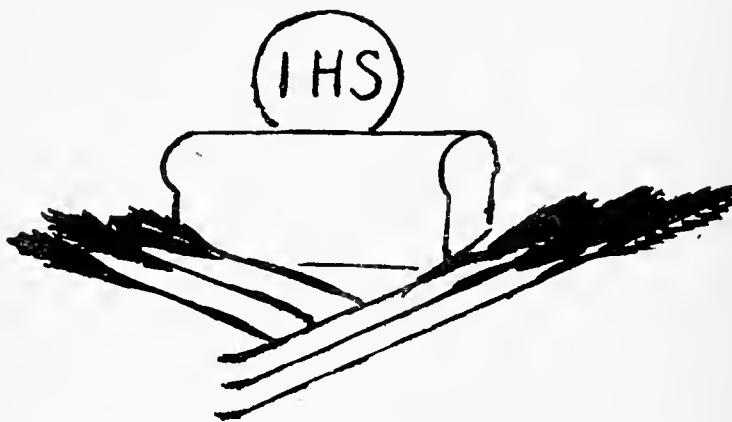
Pandarus: Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Troilus: Still have I tarried.

Pandarus: Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet in the word 'hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Anyone who has attempted to make bread can well understand the care, the skill and the patience that bread making requires. As you knead the dough for your family bread, it is not unlikely that you will recall the morning prayer of the Church which ends with this phrase "yea the work of our hands do Thou direct."

Does it seem strange that Christ should take an ordinary piece of bread and say "this is My Body"? Perhaps it was to remind us that greatness lies in the simple things and that just as bread will sustain our physical life so the Bread of Life will support and strengthen our spiritual life.



A Man of Genius

ANN SERENA

A proof of a truly great artist is his ability to speak to generations living years after his death through the medium of his art. And thus Frederic Francois Chopin is admitted to the ranks of the great masters of all time, for, indeed, the music of the young Polish composer is more eloquent than a thousand volumes. This is probably why we find Chopin's compositions so inextricably bound up with his life. Every sorrow, every joy, every heartbreak, every triumph in the young composer's life was translated into music. And in reading the biography of Chopin we find we are really only supplementing what he himself has already told us in his music. The two, the story of his life and the story in his music, create for us the perfect picture of Frederic Chopin, the poet of the piano.

Too often, however, this picture is misrepresented and we carry away an image of a dark, sad young pianist, melancholy, romantic, impressionable, pouring out his soul into one almost uninterrupted stream of music. But the man, Chopin, was not the helpless, effeminate person that he is so often painted. He was a fiercely patriotic Pole, a man with great emotional depth and tenderness, who burned himself out too early in the intensity of his devotion to his art and to his country.

This devotion to his country can be more readily understood in the light of the conditions which surrounded Frederic Chopin from his birth on February 22, 1810, to his departure for Paris in 1831. His father, Nicholas, had come from France to Warsaw when he was seventeen and, finding immediate employment, had made his home permanently at Zelazowa-Wola, not far from Warsaw. Here Nicholas Chopin married Justine Grzyzowska and raised a family of three daughters, Ludwika, Izabella and Emilia, and one son, Frederic. Feeling a deep gratitude and affection in his heart for the Polish people who, he realized, had been wonderfully kind to him and his family, Nicholas Chopin impressed on his children early and often the love and loyalty that they should always have for their country, Poland. Thus, from earliest childhood, Frederic grew up in a Polish atmosphere and felt himself unqualifiedly a Pole.

His sister Ludwika gave Frederic his first piano lessons, but very soon a regular teacher was engaged for him. And it was under this teacher, Adalbert Zywny, that the little boy first actually realized the magic that was waiting for him at the very touch of the keys. Through his childhood the little Polish tunes, the folk dances, the marching songs of the Polish armies, formed the melodies and the themes of his own compositions, and old Professor Zywny would nod his head and repeat, "Music comes from the heart of the people." This was sage advice that Frederic Chopin never forgot.

Very rarely did notes of sadness creep into the early music of the little Frederic. But as he grew older he became more susceptible to frequent attacks of illness which kept him indoors for months at a time, and it was at these times that his music would be heavy and mournful, with a poignant longing for the green fields and the gay peasants he loved so dearly. Then when he was able to go out and see the beloved land and people again, his music was happy and carefree.

The friendship and the close union that had grown out of understanding and love between the master and his gifted pupil had to come to an end when Adalbert Zywny realized that he had no more to teach young Frederic. He had given everything he knew, everything he felt, to the boy but it was not enough. The old professor was tired but his pupil was young and full of hope for the future. And so when Frederic was seventeen he bade old Adalbert Zywny a fond goodbye and set out for the Warsaw Conservatory of Music.

At the Conservatory Frederic again found a tutor in whom all his trust and hope were placed without reserve. Josef Elsner immediately claimed the boy's respect and admiration, and not long afterward his love and loyalty. He was a younger man than Adalbert Zywny but there was much of the older man's love of music and understanding of youth about him. It was Josef Elsner who continued to build upon the excellent foundation prepared for him and also to guide the impressionable youth through some trying times. For as Frederic's hacking cough and that indefinable tightness in the chest of which he complained so often grew worse, the youth grew moody and inclined more to solitude. Josef Elsner recognized the danger in this and, with music, he attempted to draw the boy out again into the sunlight of love and companionship.

Thus, under Elsner, Frederic accomplished much; his rambling, moody music was given form and depth. Under Elsner he was guided, but ever so gently, toward the fulfillment of the great promise that he had shown in his earlier music. This period at the Conservatory saw several larger works whose creation was dictated by the normal course of Conservatory studies. Among

these were a highly original mazurka, bursting with verve, folk color and dash, and a number of polonaises, much richer in romantic content than some of his earlier polonaises and with an ethereal quality that was quite charming. Also written at this time was the splendid "Krakowiak" and the "Fantasia on the Theme of Polish Melodies." These are but a few of the brilliant compositions of the young musician, not yet twenty, of whom Robert Schumann so enthusiastically cried, "Hats off, gentlemen, a genius!" High praise, indeed, from a man who was himself so great a musician.

All through these compositions we see the subtle hand of Josef Elsner directing and guiding, but always careful to leave untouched the original genius and the spontaneous flow of Chopin's music.

After graduation from the Conservatory, concert tours in foreign lands called Frederic away more and more, despite his unswerving loyalty to Poland. He realized that he was a musician possessed of a gift that should be shared with the entire world. And so the tours began. They were the first widening of the horizons for the young Chopin. They broadened him and even strengthened his indomitable patriotism. He believed that it was for Poland that he had to leave Poland. It was for Poland that he had to show the world her sparkling rivers and rolling fields, her gay, exuberant peasants, her brave, unflinching soldiers—all through music. And when, on this tour, in 1831, news reached Frederic of the crushing defeat of the Poles in their insurrection against the Russian Czar, his heart was heavy at the thought of the Polish soil red with the blood of its patriots and the Polish heart pierced again and again as one after another of her sons fell on the field at Stuttgart. And so the "Revolutionary Etude in C Minor" was heard for the first time. This etude, with its cascading runs and thunderous chords, recreated for audiences in Vienna, in London, in Berlin and in Paris the admirable perseverance and the indomitable courage of the suppressed Poles. One critic remarked that the Czar would be furthering his cause immeasurably by forbidding the young Polish composer to play, but evidently the Russian Czar did not recognize any adversary in young Frederic Chopin. And Poland's "poet laureate," as he has been called, continued to plead his country's cause before the people of the world.

Thus it was that in September of 1831 Frederic found himself in Paris. He was to be there only in passing, according to his passport, but instead of the few quick concerts that he expected to give, Frederic Chopin spent the rest of his life there. He never again set foot in Poland.

This arrival in Paris marked the beginning of the second half of the composer's life. It marked, too, the first real admission of Frederic Chopin to the circle of the great masters of the day, Mendelssohn, Liszt and Berlioz. Even acrid, sarcastic Heinrich Heine succumbed to the charm of his music. Of Chopin he had this to say:

"Nothing can equal the ecstasy which he creates sitting at the piano, improvising. Then he is not a Frenchman, nor a German, but gives witness of a much higher lineage; one recognizes then that he comes from the country of Mozart, Raphael, Goethe, that his true fatherland is the fairy kingdom of poetry."

But success in the concert halls would never insure Frederic's financial stability, and so he began to give piano lessons at twenty francs an hour. This, of course, enabled him to live in comparative luxury, but it took valuable time away from his composing. The very noticeable decline in the number of com-

positions he produced in this period as compared with those he had composed in earlier days in Warsaw has been attributed to a number of different causes. It may have been merely that the duties which he discharged while in Paris were so much heavier than ever before, or it may have been because of a decided decline in his health. Still another theory was held by a later author, Emile Villermos, who wrote:

"... this ardently feeling musician was incapable of writing two notes without the whispered inspiration of love . . . His music is the divine fever of Eros."

Although there is probably a great deal of truth in each of these arguments, the one requiring the most consideration is obviously the last. Chopin, very definitely one of the first and best Romanticists in music, did not have any "whispered inspirations of love" to prompt him. However, in 1838, a woman entered Chopin's life whose forceful personality and real understanding of his artistic temperament made her his devoted and beloved friend. This woman was the fascinating novelist, Aurora Dudevant, who published her works under the pen name George Sand. This friendship was destined to last for almost ten years, despite their differences in temperament and in social and literary viewpoint.

During the first few months of this relationship, the condition of Frederic's health, which had been continually growing worse, became so bad that it was imperative that he go to a warmer climate. And so in the winter of 1838, Frederic, with Madame Sand and her children, set out for the beautiful little isle of Majorca, south of Barcelona. Ordinarily the island was a sunny little gem set in the blue Mediterranean, but during the winter of 1838 it was deluged with torrential rains. The desolate loneliness of the place, with the terrible weather and his ill health, dragged Frederic's spirits to their lowest ebb. It was during this time of melancholy solitude and depression that he began his work on the Preludes—a sheaf of moods held together only by a title. Madame Sand, who felt that the greatest contribution Frederic could make to the field of music was in the form of Nocturnes, Waltzes, Ballades and other Stylistic Romantic salon pieces, must have been greatly disquieted with these preludes. They held within their bars a plaintive yearning for that country from which he had been self-exiled so many years. It was a blow to the pride that the Madame felt in her power over Frederic that she could not reach him when he was composing these Preludes. He did not speak her language; he was speaking through music which she could not understand. It was probably when the young composer had driven her almost mad with his music that George Sand made the derisive comparison between his Preludes and the "visions of dead monks and the sounds of their funeral dirges."

George Sand was a wise woman. She realized that the only way to draw from Chopin the kind of music she wanted was to take him back to Paris. And so in the spring of 1839 the little group returned. Frederic took lodgings quite near Madame Sand and frequently spent his summers at her country home in Nohant. But they never returned to Majorca.

Back in Paris Frederic was again the darling of the salons. His music was played everywhere; seats at his concerts were sold out almost as soon as they were announced. At these concerts he played a great number of his spirited and definitely Polish mazurkas and Polonaises, introducing little by little a new cycle of composition called merely Etudes. These, however, were not the last new form with which he experimented. Shortly afterwards he began work on an entirely new form—the Scherzo. The four Scherzos of Chopin constitute the

highest reaches of musical romanticism. They have often been compared in their fancy, their dramatic expression, romantic quality, contrast of moods and enchanting grace, with the poems of Byron.

Sadly enough, these four Scherzos were the only ones ever written by Chopin for shortly afterwards, when he was about thirty-five, his health began to decline rapidly. He still spent his summers at the country home of George Sand in Nohant, but she realized that the frail young man, for whom she really felt a deep affection, did not have much longer to live. A person in poor health is, of course, never an easy person to live with, and probably the continual complaints of Frederic, who was actually in great pain most of the time from the lung disease which was gradually consuming his body, must have annoyed Madame Sand after a while. This annoyance was not quite so intense when they saw each other only occasionally, but gradually, when Frederic could neither give lessons nor compose, their too frequent meetings made both of them more irritable and quarrelsome. Finally, in the winter of 1847-48, the break came. Madame Sand, in a mood of bitter cruelty, published a novel which made public her intimate misunderstandings with the man who had been her devoted slave.

After this, Frederic left Paris for England. He gave a few concerts there and then a few in Scotland. But the old life and spirit had gone from him.

He returned to Paris in the winter of 1848. The spring and summer of 1849 passed in constant illness and dejection. With the fall, a last breath of sunshine came when his sister Ludwika journeyed to Paris to be with him in what she knew were his last few days. Finally, on October 17, 1849, at dawn, his flame-like life—the life that had waxed and waned in the gusty winds of disappointment and illness—flickered out. And as his body was carried from the Church of St. Magdalen to the Père Lachaise, a song, sweet, mournful and desolate hung on the cold autumn air. The people knew it well; it was the Funeral March of Frederic Chopin. And those people who had seen the young sad poet of the piano, that desperate longing in his eyes, knew that this was not a defeat for Frederic Chopin—this was his greatest triumph, for now his music would carry his spirit into every land, into every age, a message of love and faith, of confidence in men, of struggle and hope, happiness and peace.



The Artist and Dappled Things

ALICE McCARTHY

*Glory be to God for dappled things —
For skies of couple-colour as a brindled cow;
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim:
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;
Landscape plotted and pieced—fold, fallow, and plough;
And all trades, their gear and tackle and trim.
All things counter, original, spare, strange;
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who know how?)
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
He father-forth whose beauty is past change:
Praise him.*

In this lyric appreciation of pied beauty, Gerard Manley Hopkins has intimated the vocation of every man, and, in a special way, of every artist worthy of the name. Man, by his powers of observation sees things "counter, original, spare, strange" and through these he tries to come to a realization of the Immutable and Perfect "One" that has created them. The artist goes one step further than the ordinary man. It is he who gets the vision of the universe and captures it for men to feed on.

Hopkins himself is an excellent example of a true Christian artist in literature—as is Georges Rouault in the fine arts. Both are innovators in form, that is, in the manner by which they express their impressions of the world around them. To them, the conventionalized style of expression seemed to be affected by the fact that:

*... all is seared with trade; bleared,
smeared with toil"*

They desired to get to the freshness and truth "deep down in things" and give it the purest expression possible.

Thus it was that Hopkins went back to the Anglo-Saxon virility in language which got to the essence of things because it was so precise. A-rose-was-a-rose then and was nothing more. It could mean only "roseness" when language was new. Today anything from perfume to "Four Roses" can come to mind at the mention of the word.

In the same vein, Rouault went back to the Middle Ages and tried to copy the vigour apparent in a stained glass window. He was intent upon attaining a rigidity, not barren rigidity, but one that gave an insight into the nature of the reality that he painted. It was in this manner that he tried to paint the world of the spirit, which because of its intangibility is hard to capture on canvas.

Both men felt they had to challenge minds in order to lead them to reality. How each man came to this realization and accomplished the end is as similar as the finding of Deep Faith can be in any two individuals and as different as the qualities which mark one man as distinct from another.

Even from his earliest days Hopkins was inclined to be aesthetic and ascetic. As a child, we are told, he awoke one night and lay abed horribly fascinated by his name "Hopkins" which his sensitive nature recognized as uneuphonious. The child finally comforted himself that he might have been born "Gerard Manley Tuncks." A truly aesthetic consolation! His asceticism was

displayed in one boarding school incident, which found him denying himself any liquid for one week to prove to the boys he could live "hard and dangerously" in his own way. It is interesting to note that he collapsed at the end of the prescribed period, emphasizing the extreme fortitude which he manifested.

In his Oxford days his aestheticism and asceticism were deepened. The mutual friendship between the poet and his teacher, Walter Pater, was found to strengthen his aesthetic ideal. His asceticism grew more broadly under the influence of Cardinal Newman and the Oxford Movement. The artistic embodiment of these ascetic yearnings may be found in the "Habit of Perfection," the first draught of which was written while in college.

*Elected Silence, sing to me
And beat upon my whorléd ear,
Pipe me to pastures still and be
The music that I care to hear.
Shape nothing, lips; be lovely-dumb:
It is the shut, the curfew sent
From there where all surrenders come
Which only makes you eloquent.*

The culmination of this asceticism came when, after his conversion to Catholicism, he joined the Jesuit Order and "elected silence" by resolving to write nothing until ordered to do so by ecclesiastical authority.

When the order came to write "The Wreck of the Deutschland" seven years later, he wrote in a new way. In the interim he had gotten a fuller aesthetic appreciation of God's world and through faith and contemplation had gotten an ascetic's vision of the spiritual realm. To sing of his world he devised sprung rhythm adopted from "Beowulf" and familiar to us in our childhood nursery rhymes.

Now came his greatest works. He chanted the praises of Christ's renunciation in the "Windhover," where he represents Christ as a bird, a "dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon" buckling against the wind and he exclaims that

*... My heart in hiding
Stirred for the bird, — the achieve of, the mastery of
the thing!*

He then shrieked the horrible tortures that a soul goes through when it seeks and cannot find God, after it has tasted a little of the glory of its Maker. His "Terrible Sonnets" tell the tale of the "Dark Night of the Soul" and in no uncertain terms:

*No worst, there is none. Pitched past pitch of grief,
More pangs will, schooled at forepangs, wilder wring.
Comforter, where, where is your comforting?
O the mind, mind has mountains; cliffs of fall
Frightful, sheer, no-man-fathomed. Hold them cheap
who ne'er hung there ! ! !*

Hopkins has come nearer to being a mystical poet than any of his contemporaries. The answer to the why may be grace, genius, or both. Whatever the reason, he does give men an insight into God's grandeur.

So too, does Rouault, whose evolution as artist and man are as interesting as Hopkins. Appreciation of beauty was instilled into his heart by an affectionate grandfather who introduced the young child to the greatest paintings in the world. Almost at once these influences brought out in the child the desire to become an artist.

Before he would attempt to be a worthy painter, he decided to become a worthy craftsman, learning all the techniques to be acquired. For a number of years he was apprenticed to a stained glass maker and then went to night school under the famous Moreau. Deeper inspiration, said Moreau, was needed, because "without such an attachment painting could never blossom as it had in the middle ages." Moreau, then, was a Medievalist. This alone was a deep bond between student and teacher, because Rouault had long been stirred by Leon Bloy, the "impassioned champion of the Middle Ages"

The "deeper inspiration" which Moreau and Bloy advocated, Rouault found, like the middle ages, in the Church of Christ. Through this he learned the story of fallen man, and the glory of redeemed man. To show this inner vision he made an innovation in form, which like Hopkins, was a "going back".

His new form was painting in the effect of a stained glass window. It is natural that, at a time when he was captivated by the same thing that captivated the Middle Ages, he should remember Gothic windows, and the craft which he learned so well in his youth.

Reduced to the bare fundamentals, the technique consists of juxtaposing smoldering reds, blues, and greens and using heavy "leaded" contours. Some of his pictures, such as the "Clownerie" and "The Crucifixion", which are so rigidly frontal and vertical in composition, give the suggestion of being the center panels around which Gothic windows rose to their peaked tension of design.

The first subjects that the "new man" painted after his notable introspective deepening, were clowns, prostitutes, and any human in misery ("dappled" humanity). This preoccupation with sin and its effects on man is paralleled in his idol, Leon Bloy, in "La Femme Pauvre". Rouault paints fallen nature under a gaze that shuns connivance. He wished to associate with the ugly just as the Man who ate with Pharisees, walked with fishermen, and forgave adulteresses.

In all his works, the spirituality is ever evident. No single one of his pictures can be dismissed after one glance. If they do nothing else, they annoy you, to the extent that you want to know just what annoys you. They can be regarded as meditations, especially the Crucifixion, which shows all the sadness of humanity in God. From the frailty of men they lead men to ponder on the power and glory of God. And this is as it should be—a work of art which does not reflect the Creator must, as Bloy says, "be as monstrous as a beautiful woman who is uninspiring."

Recognition of the worth of Rouault has increased in our own generation probably because of the penitent psychology due to the war. As has been said: "His pictures seem to have been reserved for a generation that is capable of a tragic vision."

Whether every individual in an age likes a man or not is no judgment on the man—for tastes vary. But the fundamental greatness of either cannot be denied since the greatest critics, both secular and religious, in their respective fields laud them. Succeeding generations will determine whether they were right when the two rebels said that the regeneration of art must start with the artist himself, whether there was lasting beauty in their vision, and whether they succeeded in expressing a hope for the world because, as Hopkins put it:

*the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast and with ah!
bright wings!*

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BETWEEN THE EDITORS

"Maybe it isn't even unusual! Maybe they complain about this every year."

"Sure they do! But only as a routine matter. Now it's dire necessity."

"Well, we can't resort to threats and violence."

"I thought about that! But the urge to write is more than just waylaying a girl and browbeating her into accepting a topic."

"Yes, and speaking of topics, reminds me of essays and research work, the back-bone of *Loria*. What's happened to the short stories and poems? Have they died a silent death?"

"It's a mystery to me! The creative spirit seems to have disappeared. I'm beginning to think *Loria*'s only a final testing ground for term papers.

"You don't object to those, do you?"

"Naturally not! Some of them are vitally interesting. Still it would be a pleasure to be able to print just one story, once in a while."

"How about a staff member? Couldn't she write one?"

"Be carefull! Now you're treading on my toes! Staff work should be limited to criticism and correction. But from a glance at the table of contents, you'd think they were determined to cover all phases of publication."

"Now that you mention it, I do remember thinking that we were always well represented."

"And it isn't only the literary section that has been suffering. The art material is usually the loving labour of only two or three girls. But I don't know how long it will remain "loving" if they have to continue doing all the work alone."

"I suppose, though, the business

section doesn't cause much concern."

"Ah, yes, the business section! Why neglect that? If we were dependent solely on those six or seven ads, we'd just about publish the cover of *Loria*. Some of the girls must know people who would be willing to advertise their products. I wonder why they don't try to do something about it."

"I don't know! But there certainly seems to be some pertinent problems facing us. What are we going to do about them?"

"We? There isn't much "we" can do about them. It's up to the students. After all this is not supposed to be an individual enterprise, "*Loria*" should be the result of the combined efforts of all the undergraduates. And not just a half-hearted effort. Too many people cast a stale crust of bread upon the waters and expect chocolate cake in return."

"Yet, there isn't any magic formula we can proffer for successful writing."

"Well, magic formulas aren't the only keys to success. A little reflection, a thorough dusting of the imagination, and the necessary hard work, might do the trick. And they don't have to wait for the inspiration of the muse. It might never come without a little prodding, besides we're not expecting a Shakespeare or a Wordsworth, even though we would welcome one."

"Do you think if we noted this conversation in a conspicuous place it would bring any results?"

"No harm in trying! It might stir a little school interest, or better still awaken some sleeping creative spirit."

WILL IT ? ? ? ?

BALANCING THE BOOKS



Vespers In Vienna

BRUCE MARSHALL

Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston 1947, 280 pp.

The newest novel of Bruce Marshall is the story of a British Colonel and his staff billeted at a convent in Vienna. It is a result, no doubt, of Marshall's experiences as a Lieutenant Colonel in the Displaced Persons Division of the Allied Civil Commission for Austria. The tale evidences a keen observation of human foibles which the author dramatizes to show the bungling of occupational forces and the often ridiculous red tape procedures of military officialdom. It is an impish satire bound to chagrin the "brass hats" of the allied armies and to intrigue all those who are interested in another's point of view on just what is wrong with the world.

From the very instant that Colonel Nicobar and a few of his men arrive at the Convent of the Daughters of the Holy Ghost, one realizes that the theme of *Vespers in Vienna* is the Colonel's road to grace under the prodding of the Sisters. Mother Auxilia and Schwester Kasimira are tender and delightful souls whose conversations with the Colonel form the heart of this book. It is in their casual chats with each other that the various facets of their beliefs are revealed and we find the indifferent Colonel becoming reflective through the influence of Mother Auxilia's prayerful wisdom and Schwester Kasimira's disarming simplicity.

The action of the book is for the most part limited to the interaction of personalities in the tranquil routine of the convent. There is little depth to the plot but for those who relish satiric trifles the reading of this book will be rewarding.

Vespers In Vienna is not as outstanding an accomplishment as Bruce Marshall's previous successes but nevertheless it should have a wide reading public. Some Catholics may be irritated at the implied criticism of the Pope and some apparent irreverence regarding sacred things. However, few will be anything but enchanted with the humor and sparkle that flows from the facile pen of Bruce Marshall.

P. B.

Our Lady of Fatima

WILLIAM T. WALSH

MacMillan Company, N. Y. 1947, 228 pp.

Mr. William Walsh, the eminent Catholic author, has depicted in this book, the beautiful story of Our Blessed Lady's most recent appearance on earth. The author shows that her message to the modern world has made this "visit of love for her children" an outstanding event. This book which is based on the actual testimony and memoirs of the witnesses is the most detailed account of the apparitions which had been previously neglected or misunderstood.

On May 13, 1917 a beautiful Lady, "all of white, more brilliant than the sun dispensing light," appeared to three children in Fatima, a poor village in Portugal. The children, Lucia aged nine and her cousins Francisco and Jaunta, eight and six years old had enjoyed a carefree and happy existence in this Catholic hamlet, far from anti-religious disorders of her country's new political regime. "The Lady", as Lucia described her, was indescribably beautiful, "not sad, not happy, but serious." She asked them to come for six months in succession on the thirteenth day of each month.

During the following months, Our Lady foretold many of the world-shattering events of the present and future day: the end of World War I, the rise and spread of communism until it became dominant in the world, the second, and a possible third world conflict.

She taught the children prayers and begged them to do penance and say the Rosary for the wicked. She also asked for the consecration of Russia to her Immaculate Heart and Communion of reparation on the first Saturdays.

Finally, on October 13th, the promised miracle occurred. The three young shepherds saw the Child Jesus and St. Joseph, while the great crowd of 70,000 witnessed a great solar prodigy . . . "the sun, a huge brilliant ball began to dance."

One of the three children is still living. Now, known as Sister Maria des Dores, she has had further visions which emphasize the plight of the modern world and its necessity to return to God.

This book brings to the reader a detailed and moving account of an outstanding event in the modern era. We are able to view through the sympathetic eyes of the author: the deep faith of the children in the midst of the ridicule of the townspeople and non-believers, the hardy endurance of the common people in the midst of poverty and above all, the urgent appeal of this "Lady of Light."

Finally, the reader is convinced by the author's extensive use of authentic documents that the Lady, "fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in array" appeared on earth.

N. McN.

This Is My Story

LOUIS FRANCIS BUDENZ

McGraw-Hill Book Co., N. Y. 1947, 379 pp.

According to the Preface of "This Is My Story" the aim of Louis Budenz in the telling of his tale is that others may profit from his past mistakes and that his positive act of good "will be a source of inspiration to those tempest-tossed." He claims that this book is written in the spirit of St. Augustine in "hatred of the sin but in love of the sinner;" in humble acknowledgment to the Grace of God; and in apology for having so long failed to see the light. But above all he holds that it is a testimony to truth given in fervent gratitude to the Mother of God for that peace which the world cannot give.

The sincerity of the author is impressive both in the Preface and throughout the book. One cannot doubt that the recounting of the progress of his spiritual and political development over a period of many years was a difficult task. Yet Mr. Budenz has succeeded most admirably in giving us a complete history of his Communistic activities and his spiritual rebirth.

"This Is My Story" is factual and unemotional but no less fascinating for its almost statistical approach. Beginning with the days of his youth the author paints for us a clear and comprehensive picture of the influence of his Catholic environment and his growing interest in the field of labor-management relationships. He deals summarily with his marriage to a divorced woman and his subsequent separation from the Church but he again becomes an effective author when he weaves for us the thread of thought that led him from a merely sympathetic interest in the laboring classes right into the Communist fold. The progression from the former to the latter is told intelligently and convincingly although the average reader may find it difficult to attend to the multitudinous data about people, places and political parties. There is also a vast amount of information recorded concerning labor events during all of the years described and at times one can easily become lost in the maze of factual material presented.

The arrival of Louis Budenz at the threshold of Communism is plausibly presented in view of the author's beliefs and ideals for the future of American labor. But the most vitally interesting part of "This Is My Story" is reached when Mr. Budenz, as managing editor of the Daily Worker and member of the powerful Communist Central Committee, was in the unique position of being able to view the secret policies and methods of the Communist Party. Here he first recounts for us the strong belief he possessed when joining the Communist Party that Communism truly represented the best interests of the working man and that it could be adequately reconciled with the Catholic labor viewpoint. But as a party member he soon began to witness "the undercover techniques,

the abrupt changes in policy, the totalitarian methods, the lies and the fear by which the Communist Party in America is controlled and operated."

After relating the numerous intricacies of Communist operations Mr. Budenz tells of his final decision to break with the Communist movement and return to the Catholic Church where he knew he could find in the moral law the answer to the problem of human dignity and decency. His reception into the Church with his wife and daughters marked the close of a long and difficult spiritual struggle for Louis Budenz. By the Grace of God he finally realized that he could accomplish the greatest good for humanity through the spiritual strength which his religion offers to the world. "This Is My Story" is inspiring as the story of a modern follower of St. Augustine. It is significant as a contribution to our understanding of the Catholic Church's deadliest foe, the Communist Party.

P. B.

Eleven Lady-Lyrics and Other Poems

FRAY ANGELICO CHAVEZ

St. Anthony Guild Press, N. Y. 1947, 200 pp.

It has been said that the poet is primarily a teacher. Other critics emphasize the craft of delight. Fray Angelico Chavez, as we see him in his "Eleven Lady-Lyrics and other Poems", admirably combines these functions. He has a message—the truth, the beauty, the spirit of the Church of Christ, her doctrine, her Liturgy, her heroes and saints. His style is, for the most part, simple, clear and vivid. There are echoes of Tennyson, and shades of Hopkins. Nevertheless, no one can accuse him of being a copyist or an imitator. His poems, while generally traditional in form, have a freshness and originality.

The poet, a Franciscan friar of our South-west, was a Chaplain in World War II. As a result, some of the poems in the collection are war poems. They are intense, yet evidence by their depth of thought and restraint that his experiences were "recollected in tranquillity". We do not have melodramatic harangues or the incessant and despairing "why" of so much of our modern poetry.

"There are lyrics born of war, But elegies there are to spare", he says in one poem. He provides in some measure for our deficiency by his own very beautiful lyrics. The simplicity and deep understanding of "Communion on a Transport" are noteworthy.

*"More sound than on Genesareth
Is this Thy eucharistic sleep,
And Thy disciples, sensing death,
Now gather closely, dozens deep.
Pacific is the sea, well-named—
The tempest is these hearts' unrest;
But soon the winds and waves are tamed
As Thou awakenest in each breast."*

The traditional Franciscan viewpoint on nature is presented in his poems. "Of Toads and Such" says in part:

*"O toads and such I loathed the sight
When all my world was hale and bright.
Now, as I darkly crouch in mud,
Safe from he bullets deadly thud,
But not from deadlier insect pests.
In come my friendly warty guests
To bag them deftly on the wing . . .
From Solomons to Burma Road,
Praise God for Brothers Neut and Toad."*

Again in a truly Franciscan spirit, he praises "the little poor man" in "Assisi's Fool".

*"Messer Francesco went to war
But came back soon.
Some said it was a star
(Others, the moon)*

*Assisi saw him walk with Peace
And near and far
Old feuds began to cease.
"Touched by a star,"
Said some; "the moon," said others
Still waging war
Against their brothers,
As people are."*

The poet draws from a wealth of natural understanding and natural knowledge, as well as from an understanding of spiritual values. His poetry is rich with Scriptural references, quotations, and paraphrases. One of the most notable of this type is his "Drama of Dramas", which resembles the Canticle of Canticles not only in language, but also in its intensity and exalted tone.

Each of the Sacraments, in the "Seven Mysteries", is presented in a different way. "The Christening" is a delicate, yet radiant and extremely moving poem. The sacrament of Penance is exemplified in a pilgrim's rest and refreshment at Bethany. "In Extremis" is an exquisite presentation of Extreme Unction. "Symphony in C", which is among the best poems in the volume, gives the stirring, almost ecstatic experience of ordination.

As in any collection of an author's poems, we must expect to find degrees of worth. In this collection of over sixty poems the pendulum swings toward the very good. Only in the "Songs About Roses" do the lyrics run away with the thought of the poems. These are, it seems, ambitious attempts in the realm of mystical poetry. Understanding does increase with rereading, but at times it is a difficult task. The lighter verse is delightful. There are vignettes of the saints, a particularly noteworthy one being "To A Bishop Unfrocked"—a tale of the origin of Santa Claus. There is an infinite range of subjects in "Divers Other Numbers". Most of these poems are delightful.

The Lady-Lyrics themselves, as a whole, do not quite come up to expectations—and the volume might have been called more accurately, from a critical view, "Other Poems and Lady-Lyrics". Fray Angelico-Chavez, however, must be included among the best of our modern Catholic poets.

A. S.



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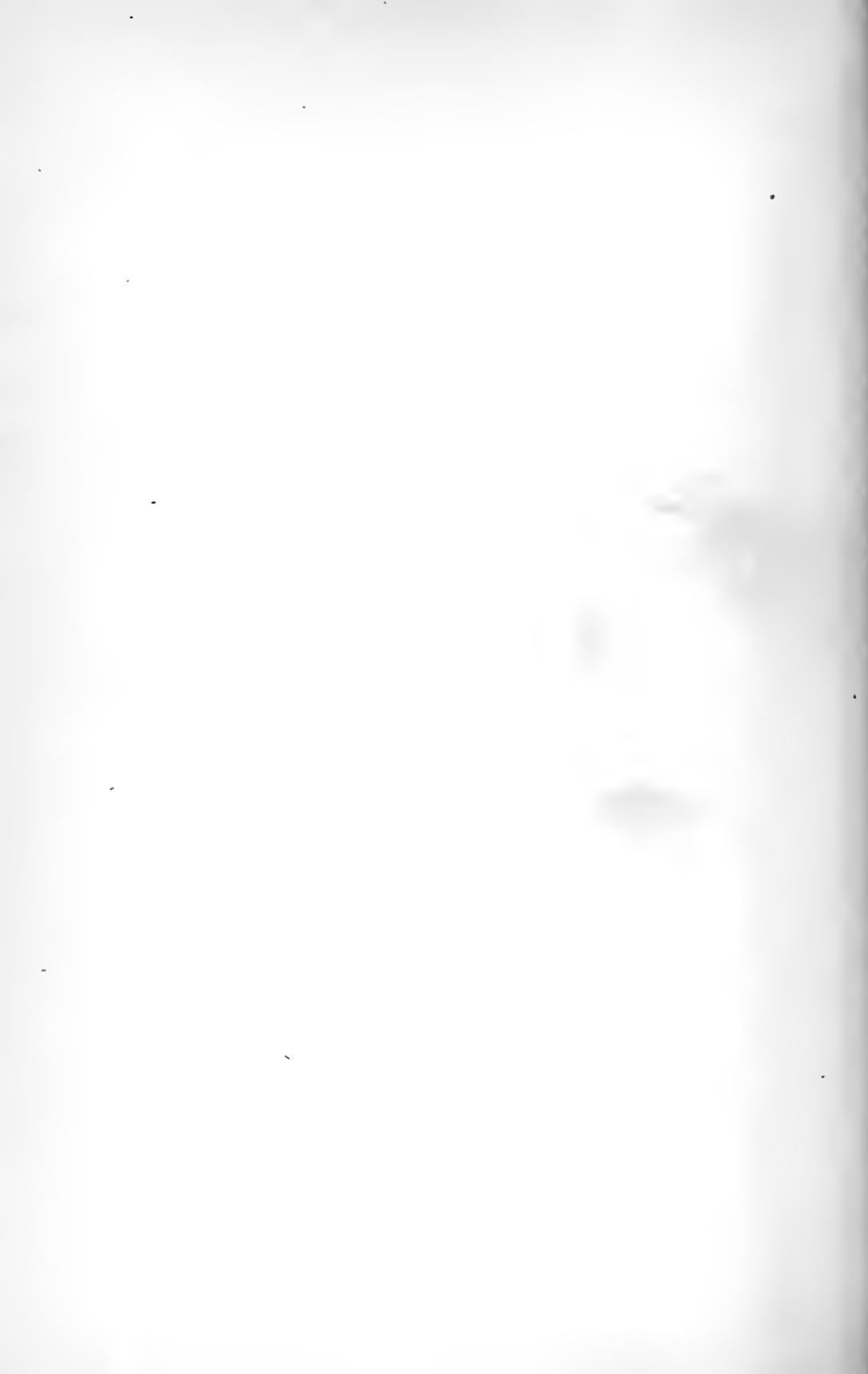
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Women are the poetry of the world, in
the same sense as the stars are the
poetry of heaven. Clear, light-giving,
harmonious, they are the terrestrial
planets that rule the destinies of man-
kind.

HARGROVE

THE LUCKY WOMAN

PHYLLIS Di GIACOMO



KATHLEEN HART gestured imperiously to the new girl. Maids were too independent these days. She'd have to keep this one in her place.

"My hairbrush, Hilda, and for goodness sake try to be a little less clumsy!"

"Yes, mum."

The maid gingerly handed the toilet article to her mistress and beat a hasty retreat.

Kathleen shrugged. The little fool. Why couldn't these domestics learn to perform even the simplest duties without all those silly bits of pantomime. They certainly were well paid, too well paid in fact. Why on earth must they all behave like scared rabbits?

"Mother!"

Kathleen looked quickly in the mirror and saw Beth framed in the doorway. She frowned slowly as her daughter advanced timidly into

the room. Kathleen swung around and gazed critically at her daughter. "Whom does she take after," she thought wearily. "Certainly, not me!" Nondescript features framed by two drab brown braids and, to complete the unpleasant picture, a bony little body on which hung loosely a dainty velveteen dress.

"I'm getting dressed, Beth. Please don't bother me now."

"Yes, mother."

She backed awkwardly from the room. Kathleen looked after her, little lines of distaste forming around her mouth. "Just like Charles," she thought, "Colorless. Not an ounce of personality. She'd have to try another school next year. One a little more strict. Perhaps that was what she needed. A little more discipline. Charles was entirely too lenient with her." As if he'd read her thoughts, her husband appeared suddenly in the doorway.

"May I come in, Kathleen?"

"Of course, Charles. Why shouldn't you?"

He smiled wryly. His tux hung loosely on his gaunt frame, his slight stoop heightening the impression of his gauntness.

"Charles, do stand up straight! And please fix that tie . . . here, let me do it."

She rose and crossed quickly to him. He gazed down on her soberly, then suddenly bent down and kissed her sleek, gleaming coiffure.

"Please, Charles, not now. You know how important this night is to me. I want to look just so."

She stepped back from him and whirled gaily.

"How do you like my dress, dear?"

His eyes swept over her lightly. The look of admiration in them changed suddenly to one of longing.

"Kathleen . . ."

"Yes?"

"Nothing. You look beautiful, my dear."

He turned abruptly and was gone. His wife hardly noticed—she had already turned and was surveying herself in the mirror. What she saw pleased her. Her tall, well-proportioned figure was swathed expertly in yards of white brocaded taffeta; an upswept hairdo showed off to perfection her luxurious black hair. She sighed happily. "What a lucky woman I am," she thought. "What other woman could enumerate such possessions as were hers—a beautiful home, good looks that belied her age, and finally, a respected position in the Community that, after tonight, would be unsurpassed." She smiled serenely at herself in the mirror, gathered up her wrap, bag and gloves and swept majestically out of the room.

Halfway down the stairs, she met Beth coming up.

"Goodnight dear. Be sure to go right to bed now."

"Yes, mother."

Beth looked back as her mother descended the stairs. Her usually expressionless face twisted suddenly with childish longing. Her father, waiting at the foot of the staircase, looked past his wife and caught his daughter off guard. He glanced hurriedly away. "Why am I such a coward," he thought. Kathleen left him no time for further reflection. Five minutes later, they were both in the car and on their way to the Town Hall.

The coupe rolled smoothly over the paved streets of Richfield. They were almost there when Kathleen sighed softly. Charles looked at her questioningly.

"Anything wrong?"

"I was just thinking, Charles. How lucky I am! How many women in this town must wish they could change places with me tonight! Aren't you proud of me, darling?"

Her husband was silent for a moment. Then . . .

"And if I weren't? Would it make any difference?"

"Of course! You know it would!"

The insincerity in her tone was all too apparent, even to her, but she was saved from further incrimination by their arrival at the auditorium. In a few minutes she was surrounded by a crowd of friends and acquaintances. Charles was forgotten momentarily. All was forgotten in the anticipation of what was to come.

Senator Breckinridge led her into the banquet hall and seated her with a flourish at his right. She met Charles' eyes across the table. Their expression was unreadable. She turned away quickly and began speaking avidly to the Senator. She was famous for her scintillating conversation but tonight she was even more gracious and charming than usual. She seemed almost to be floating in air.

Charles was noticing this, when his dinner partner gushed suddenly:

"You must be so proud of your wife, Mr. Hart. Imagine being married to the most popular woman in the town. It must be quite an experience."

Charles grinned suddenly, a boyish grin that seemed to light up his whole face. Kathleen, seeing it, was annoyed. "It makes him look so immature,"

she thought. Suddenly he laughed loudly, too loudly, and pairs of disapproving eyes gazed at him. Unabashed, he turned to his partner and said loudly: "Yes, it's been quite an experience."

He looked pointedly at his wife. Kathleen flushed painfully and glanced away. The moment was over as quickly as it had come. Charles resumed his usual expressionless pose and Kathleen conversed with even more animation than before.

Then suddenly, the dinner was over and the roomful of guests looked expectantly at the Senator. He rose slowly and a heavy silence descended on the company.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have with us tonight, a woman beloved by us all as a model wife, mother, and citizen. Her service to her community is well known. So too are her political accomplishments. I could tell you of her various contributions of time and money to worthy causes and the fine record of devotion to duty in every public position she has held, but you all know these things . . ."

His voice droned on. Kathleen glanced across at Charles. He was staring fixedly at this woman who was his wife. His expression was inscrutable. Kathleen thought suddenly: "He looks just like Beth!" She shut her eyes quickly to blot out his face, and Beth's face too, and then looked at the Senator, who was reaching the climax of his speech.

"And so, ladies and gentlemen, may I present Richfield's candidate for the State Legislature, our foremost citizen, Mrs. Kathleen Hart!"

The applause was deafening as Kathleen rose slowly to her feet. She had prepared a small speech but found suddenly that she could not remember a word of it. She gazed helplessly at the sea of upturned faces.

"Thank you . . . thank you for this . . . this great honor which you have conferred upon me. I can only say that tonight, I am more happy than I ever thought I could be. Truly, I am a lucky woman . . ."

Her voice trailed off into nothingness. She sat down abruptly—all strength had left her. She lifted her eyes and stared mutely at Charles. This time, her gaze did not waiver . . . he was the first to look away. She shuddered suddenly as a wave of loneliness swept over her. The applause echoed hollowly through the auditorium . . .

The Glory of The Stars

*At times we see the glory of the stars
Shining in her eyes.*

*And then the glow is veiled, as if by clouds and mist.
Darkness covers all. The skies
Oppress us and we yearn for stars to shine again.*

*And then, as when the clouds are brushed away, to give
To struggling man the sight
Of Beauty, pin-points of eternity, the veil
Is lifted and she shares the light
She sees and which we see reflected in her eyes.*

Audrey Sorrento

IT HAPPENED IN TOLUCA

GLORIA SILEO



BACK in New York, I pick up a buck here and there by writing thrillers for mystery magazines. An exciting pastime—but once in a while, like the best of jobs, it gets boring, and you feel like chucking it and taking yourself a little vacation.

About a month ago, I, Jeff Palmer, hack-writer par excellence, or so I like to think, packed a couple of bags, locked up my Greenwich Village apartment and hopped a plane for Mexico. I intended to visit all the bright spots; be a real sport! Loaf on the beach at

Acapulco, play the horses at Tia Juana, take in the bull-fights at Mexico City. Then, if I felt like working at all, there was always a good feature story in the silver mines of Taxco or the floating gardens of Xochimilco.

I played the sport like a major. Acapulco, Tia Juana, Mexico City—I took them all in my stride. But with all the high living, the inevitable had happened. I was broke.

A quick wire to my bank in New York would remedy my financial condition. In the meantime, I remembered an old friend of the family's who raised cattle and owned quite a hacienda in Toluca. I decided to pay him a visit—what the heck—until the bank sent me the cash. After that, I would knuckle down and work on the features. It was worth a try!

Toluca was a small Indian village of adobe huts and cactus trees. I arrived, by bus, on market day. The Indians had spread their blankets on the sun-scorched earth and were displaying their wares—everything from straw sombreros, gay serapes, hand-painted pottery to such tempting Indian delicacies like tortillas and enchiladas.

In one corner of the square, a mariachi band was playing a jarabe and young Indian boys with hands behind their backs and Indian girls picking up their flowered skirts were keeping time with their feet to the music. In another corner of the square, the kids were holding a mock corrida. One of them dressed in a crude facsimile of a matador's costume was waving a cape in front of "el toro"—a dog with bull's horns tied on to his ears.

Among the crowd, I found an Indian to guide me, for a few pesos, to my friend's rancho. We rode on horseback for almost an hour, mostly uphill. When we reached the top of the hill, the Indian pointed and, down below, I saw a valley, a long low hacienda and what seemed to be miles and miles of pasture.

My friend was Don Ignacio Jose Almeda. A tall, stately Mexican, past fifty, Don Ignacio owned one of the largest cattle ranches in Mexico. On one of his trips to Texas to sell cattle, he had met my father and was entertained by him. Don Ignacio had never forgotten my father.

He welcomed me as if I were a visiting dignitary. He put his two hands on my shoulders and kissed both my cheeks. The Mexicans call it an abrazo.

I told Don Ignacio about my trip to Mexico, omitting however the details of my financial insolubility. "Stay as long as you like, Jeff," he told me. "I never would have forgiven you if you had left Mexico without visiting me." I didn't doubt his sincerity.

I had always remembered Don Ignacio as a bachelor. But I soon discovered that the year before he had married Mercedes Luisa Alvarez, young daughter of a once-wealthy Spaniard who had come to Mexico to recover the fortune he had lost during the Spanish Civil War. It was a marriage of convenience in more ways than one. Don Ignacio was, of course, one of the richest men in Mexico. And, la señorita Mercedes was frail and rather sickly. Her grandmother, they said, had been an epileptic.

Any doubts that I had about Mercedes Luisa Almeda were immediately dispelled when Don Ignacio presented her to me. "Mi vida," he said simply but eloquently, "my life."

Mercedes was, frankly, the most beautiful and fascinating woman I had ever seen. I hesitate to say woman, because she was barely twenty, and she looked very young. She was a radiant beauty—not the type that rates wolf-whistles and calls of "chula" in Mexico City—hers was an untouchable, madonna-like beauty. Black hair, a wealth of it, and white skin. Mercedes had large brown eyes. The more I looked into them, the more I knew that it would be a long time before I left the rancho. The devil with the feature stories, I thought to myself. There was a stranger story to unfold here in Toluca—many times more interesting than the floating gardens of Xochimilco or the silver mines of Taxco. But at the time, I was not aware of it.

Since Don Ignacio spent most of his day inspecting his cattle and dealing with his buyers, Mercedes and I were alone a great deal. Sometimes we would saddle horses and ride leisurely through the valley. Other times we would take long walks in the garden. Always, Mercedes was very reserved and almost shy. But gradually her shyness vanished and she would talk and laugh with me.

At first, I told her all about myself and my life in New York, my job, my stories, my dream of some day writing something great. She was a good listener. When my talk saddened her, her deep brown eyes were moist with sympathy. And when she was amused, her laugh was like a hundred tiny bells tinkling in unison.

She told me stories of her beloved Spain and a sparkle would enter her eyes and a flush of red stain her cheeks. She spoke of Belmonte, the great Spanish bullfighter, and with equal pride of Garcia Lorca, the poet who was killed by the Fascists during the war. Yet, whenever she recalled the war, the sparkle in her eyes and the flush in her cheeks would disappear. Her voice would choke and she would try to hide her face. Instinctively, I would put my arm about her shoulders, but as if she could guess my feelings, she would quickly move away. Then, after a while, she would smile and talk about her husband—"mi corazon"—as she called him. He was so good to her, so kind, she would never want to hurt him. How she wished she could be a better wife to him. Only she was not well. Often, she would have attacks and she would fall unconscious and not wake up for a long time.

Poor Mercedes! I felt sorry for her. So young and so beautiful to be so ill, and to be married to such an old man—even if she was happy with him. Then I would suddenly realize what I was thinking. Watch out, fella.

Don Ignacio told you to make yourself at home, but I'm sure he didn't mean with Mercedes.

Don Ignacio had two vices, if you can call them vices,—card games and tequila. One night, after dinner, he announced that he was riding out to a neighboring rancho for a game of cards. Would I care to join? I refused politely saying that I was tired from riding that day and hoped to retire early that night.

"Then I don't think I shall go," said Don Ignacio.

"Why not, mi marido," replied Mercedes, "You have been working hard all these days, you deserve to relax un poquito."

He thought about it for a few minutes, then he said:

"Bueno, Mercedes, I shall go."

Don Ignacio rose and said good night. Before he left the room, his glance met mine, and for a moment, I could swear he was scowling.

I was bushed—tired. But in spite of this feeling, I could not sleep. I decided to sit up and try writing a story. I hadn't written in such a long time. But, ideas? No go. I could think of Mercedes—but only of Mercedes.

I looked at the clock. It was three A.M. Don Ignacio had not come in. At least, I had not heard him. I grinned. The old boy must be playing his cards right, or else he's well looped on the tequila.

I lit a cigarette and dropped into an armchair. With the end of my cigarette I traced the letter M in the air and watched the whirls of smoke disperse and climb for the ceiling. Then, a scream cut through the stillness of the night. With penetrating awareness, I realized that it came from Mercedes' room. I squashed my cigarette in an ash tray and bolted, on the double, out of the room.

Mercedes was lying on the floor. In her demure white nightgown and with her black hair tumbling over her shoulders and breasts, she looked more like a madonna than at any other time.

Suddenly her body began to writhe. The muscles in her arms and legs began to contract and then to relax. The writhing lasted for a minute but it seemed longer. Then she lay still. I gathered her up in my arms and placed her on the bed. I smoothed the hair back from her face and at the same time, I sensed the nearness of her and the blood raced in my veins and my throat was dry. I was bending down to kiss her, I don't know why, when the door opened. I turned around and saw Don Ignacio in the doorway. His face was livid. His eyes were afire. He was drunk . . .

"Canalla," he shouted, "hijo de—"

He rushed at me like a snorting bull. I put up my hands to stop him. Not that I was afraid of him, but in his condition, he didn't know what the devil he was doing.

"You damn fool!" I told him. "Your wife had an attack. I heard her scream and found her lying on the floor."

At the mention of Mercedes' name, Don Ignacio ran to the bed. Mercedes' attack and his concern for her life had extinguished the fire of his jealousy. He called her name again and again. But there was no answer. He buried his head on her breast and sobbed.

By this time, some of the servants, who had been awakened by Don Ignacio's outburst, came running into the room. Somehow I found my voice

long enough to tell them what had happened and that someone should go for the doctor, pronto.

After an eternity, the doctor came. Don Ignacio still sat by Mercedes' bedside. Silently, the doctor examined her. When he had finished, he raised his head and spoke in a tired voice.

"Muerta," he said, "dead."

Don Ignacio refused to accept Mercedes' death. He would neither talk nor listen to anyone. "Mi vida," he kept insisting, "is only asleep."

We made arrangements for the funeral. It had to be done quickly, at sundown of the next day, because the dead are not embalmed in Mexico. As the time grew nearer for the funeral, my host had sobered up. He apologized profusely to me for his suspicious attitude and for the attempted attack. However, he still had not wholly accepted Mercedes' death.

"What if she is not dead? Her fit, you know. Perhaps she is only unconscious. Oh, if only it were so."

No one could convince him. Finally, in desperation, he had an idea. It was utterly fantastic. But Don Ignacio, in his crazed anxiety, could not be talked out of it.

We brought Mercedes to a nearby churchyard. We placed her coffin on top of the grave. To one of her ankles, Don Ignacio attached a bell. Should she revive, he said, the movement of her body would cause the bell to ring. *If she were alive, I reminded him.*

Don Ignacio insisted that I stay with him at the cemetery that night. I consented, mostly from curiosity, mostly from my writer's appreciation for a strange situation.

We sat alone, the two of us, under a giant cactus tree, with a quart bottle of tequila to keep us awake. Only that night, it was I and not Don Ignacio who drank the tequila. Since Mercedes' death, there was an emptiness inside of me that craved the burning taste of tequila as it went down and set fire to your insides.

We did not speak at all. Our ears were strained to hear the slightest sound. But all was quiet.

Two hours later there was still no sound. The moonlight, flickering on the white marble tombstones, made grotesque shadows. The air was filled with a heavy tenseness. Then all of a sudden, my limbs were numb. My veins were frozen. The bell . . . it was ringing!

In the dark, I tried to nudge Don Ignacio. But he was already at the grave. I ran to help him open the coffin. The top was stuck. The two of us pulled at it, straining every muscle. At last the top loosened up and we flung it back.

Don Ignacio shone a flashlight on Mercedes' face. It was immobile. Her features seemed to be frozen. There was a ghastly smile on her mouth.

I looked at Don Ignacio and he looked at me. We both knew. Mercedes was dead.

Yes, Mercedes was dead. But this is the question.

Was the doctor right? Was Mercedes dead when he examined her? Was it rigor mortis—the movement in her legs—that made the bell ring?

Or was Don Ignacio right? Had Mercedes been only unconscious? Had she finally awakened and found herself in the coffin? Had she then died of fright or of strangulation?

I still haven't figured it out.

THE GREATEST OF THESE . . .

JOAN CORBETT

LITTLE JOHNNIE wondered. "What is it?" He thought of asking someone, but he couldn't decide between his Father and Big Brother. Where to find the answer!!

The Library! That was the very place. Little Johnnie hurried down the block, in a dither of excitement. Soon he would know! The Public Library was such a wonderful institution. He felt so good that he decided in the future he would think of it in capital letters. PUBLIC LIBRARY. There—it was worthy of at least that.

By this time he had reached IT. Steps two at a time, door, desk, index cabinet, fiction section and there he was, at the reference department, second section, third shelf. Out it came from its place. Johnnie put his thumb in the space provided and opened to "D," the fourth letter of the English alphabet. Flippety-flap, flappety-flip. Johnnie pursued his objective. There it was! He read what Mr. Webster had to say:

dimension (di men shun) 1. Measure in a single line, as length, breadth, height, thickness, or circumference: also, usually pl., measure in length, breadth, and thickness. 2. The quality of extension; magnitude; hence, scope; importance.

Little Johnnie's smile of glee faded. It didn't mention the fourth dimension! Now how would he ever find out what the fourth dimension was? He had heard all the length, breadth, thickness part in the arithmetic classes, but he could never discover a definition of that mysterious fourth dimension.

Mr. Webster and the library had failed him. He couldn't even capitalize the first letter now. Fiction section; index cabinet; desk; door; little Johnnie went down the steps, one at a time, thinking only of his disappointment. He came to a bench and flopped down on it. Slowly he scuffed his feet. What would he do now? If Mr. Webster didn't know certainly Father and Big Brother wouldn't.

But little Johnnie could not believe that it did not exist. He was positive there was a fourth dimension. Would he have to wait until he died to find out? Considering the average life span of about sixty-five years, by a quick process of mental arithmetic, developed at school, he found that he had fifty-six years to wait. Oh my. That was an awfully long time.

Little Johnnie thought and thought. The fourth dimension *did* exist. He knew that. He knew it because he had seen it. Not too often, but he had seen it. He wondered why no one else seemed to know about it. Of course, he couldn't put his finger on it. He decided to organize his thoughts on the matter. This is what he knew:

The fourth dimension existed because he had seen its effects. Of course the effects weren't too tangible but he had seen them. There was the time the man on the subway gave his mother a seat. Good manners, people said, but Johnnie knew it was more than that. Then there was the day that Johnnie met the little old lady at the A&P with a heavy (even for a strong man like Johnnie) bundle, and he carried it home for her. Now Johnnie realized that

he didn't always cause the fourth dimension when he should, but still he wondered just what it was.

Little Johnnie stood up, considerably cheered by his reflections on his problem. He started toward home and all of a sudden, like an electric light bulb in a comic strip, he realized that there was someone he could ask—someone closely connected with the f.d.—his mother! He rushed along, his green eyes fairly bulging with anticipation.

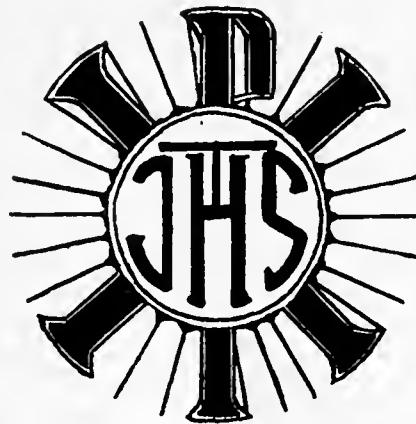
Driveway, back door, kitchen—there she was, preparing dinner. Even in his excitement Johnnie noticed the chocolate layer cake.

"Mother," (this was an important moment so he used the full title) "what is the fourth dimension?"

Mother didn't know what Johnnie meant. Then he carefully explained about the man on the subway and the little old lady and everything else he had connected with the fourth dimension.

"Why, Jonathan," (she, too, used the full title, realizing the importance of the occasion), "your fourth dimension is CHARITY!"

Little Johnnie was amazed. Why hadn't he realized it himself? He had always heard about it at Church and in school, but he had never before connected it with that mysterious something that moved people to do good. It was actually existent in the world. It wasn't just a sermon topic! He slowly left the kitchen and went out to sit on the back steps. Now he knew. He wouldn't have to wait fifty-six years. His mother had known all along. Wasn't it wonderful? People still expressed their love of God in concrete ways which made them seem fourth dimensional. It was all *so* simple now. Little Johnnie felt Christmasy, last-day-of-schoolish, good jokish, italicized—all at once. He knew what the fourth dimension IS.



A REED OF GOD

ANNE M. BILLINGS

CARYLL HOUSELANDER once consulted her confessor on a personal matter and was advised to read *Reed of God*;—“. . . you'll find it hard reading, but take it easy and you might get something out of it,—there's a lot to be gotten.” When she recounted this story to her friend and editor, Mr. Frank Sheed, he asked, “Did you read the book?”, and she replied, “Why of course,—I was told to, wasn't I?”

Frances Caryll Houslander, author of *Reed of God*, is small, thin-lipped, and a very earnest person. She wears round, horn-rimmed glasses, too big for her oval face and pointed chin. Straight hair parted in the middle curves in around her jaw, and long bangs heighten the little girl effect. Her eyes, too, are large for her face, and quite serious. She dresses simply, with good taste. One of her most disconcerting talents, to her friends, is her amazingly accurate analysis of handwriting. She can define the character of a complete stranger by reading his script, even upside down.

This is the “little English girl” of whom Father Sweeney said, in his review of *This War Is the Passion*, in *America*, November 22, 1941, “. . . she writes like some old saint out of hundreds of years ago. Her wisdom is immense . . .”

Miss Houslander was raised in an ordinary English middle class family and attended the French school of the Holy Child nuns, the Convent of Our Lady of Compassion, Olton, Warwickshire. Only the children in the family were Catholic, until in later years her mother also entered the Church. This was due to the influence of George Spencer Bower, an old family friend and the person she names as the first influence to writing in her young years. Mr. Bower, a leading barrister in his day, was not Catholic, however. He admired the Church, longed to be a Catholic, but never did receive the gift of faith. He persuaded her mother to bring the children up as Catholics and they were received at an early age.

Mr. Bower had very unconventional ways, and on his visits to their house at Brighton, and their stays at his London home, he would take her and her sister to the theatres or to court, if he were trying an interesting case. She sat at the back of the court “making dreadful drawings of the Judge” and there she wrote her very first poem, a eulogy to George Bower.

A profound student of the classics, he made her familiar with the ideas of Plato long before she ever heard the word Philosophy. He read Shakespeare to her and she acted it to him.

His attitude to her religion, making her love it deeply as a child, makes the woman reverent to the spiritual experiences of outsiders and grateful for the grace of their good example.

After the French Convent she spent her last two years of school in the English Convent of the Holy Child, St. Leonard's, Sussex. Later she studied Art and has since used it as her livelihood, working in an advertising agency.

She is very skillful with her hands, and asserts that she does not like painting, but loves to carve, or draw with pencil or chalk. One outlet for this talent is her Stations of the Cross. Since childhood she has felt special

reverence for the Stations, thinking of them always as a road to Christ. She regards the rule of the Church forbidding too realistic representation as a sign for the artist to choose "aspects of the Passion which are not circumscribed by time but continue in the world."

With Reverend Geoffrey Bliss, S.J., she collaborated, as illustrator, on a book of mediations for children, called *A Retreat With Saint Ignatius in Pictures For Children*.

She has a "tremendous love for the city of London". Her first job was in Ludgate Hill, in the heart of the city. She used to write articles about God in the city, hidden in people and manifested in created beauty. She handed them to city workers who copied them and handed them on . . . "I used to think that if only Fleet Street alone was converted, the whole world would burst into song . . ." She does not want conversion by argument or coercion, but rather, wants people to arrive at the truth through the experience of God in their own lives.

To help a friend who was president of the Grail, she wrote many unsigned articles for *Grail Magazine*. Mrs. Frank Sheed read one, and realizing its possibilities, showed it to her husband. He suggested the collection of these into a book, which subsequently became *This War Is The Passion*, "a most sublime accompaniment to the Gospels". Sheed and Ward have now announced the publication of a revision called *The Comforting of Christ*, altered to fit peacetime pursuits.

At present, Miss Houslander lives in a London flat, devoting most of her time to writing, and spending spare moments in Occupational Therapy with children from the Continent whose nerves have been badly shaken, and shell-shocked soldiers.

She has had published four books, all popular:—*This War Is The Passion*; *Reed of God*, a series of contemplations of Our Lady; *The Flowering Tree*, a volume of "Rhythms",—impressions of commonplace events that fit into a vast pattern of rhythm; and *The Dry Wood*, her first novel.

And so this "little English girl", inspired by the "true liberty of the children of God", is progressing swiftly and surely in the attainment of her goal. In her words:

"When I am not writing, I don't think at all. So far as I can formulate my purpose, it is to try to help ordinary lay people to contemplate God through one another . . . to help them see the beauty and breadth and poetry and wonder of the Faith, to see how it, and nothing else, gives meaning to suffering, increases joy, brings wisdom to flower, and satisfies the deepest instincts of human nature."

To A Mathematician

A symmetry of thought, bold, unadorned—

*Begotten of a purity of mind, which knows no trifling,
This, this alone, is what you seek.*

*For tomorrow, from some abstract concept, cold, austere,
You will conjure up a Parthenon of beauty, an image for the ages.
'Midst whose shadow a poet will come and woo an inspiration—
And his will be the words—but yours the song!*

Joan Nolan

CHILDREN IN LITERATURE

ANNE DOYLE



IT IS remarkable to consider the number of characters produced in English literature that continue to live from day to day. Once having seen or read *Macbeth*, who could forget the majesty and cunning of Lady Macbeth, or who the antics and complacency of a Mr. Micawber. These are the ever vital and unforgettable people of a fiction world. And yet in the same works of the same great men, of how many children can we say the same?

Children in English literature are either sentimental fictions or men and women cut down to childlike proportions, in much the same manner as the "Junior Executive" suit. They are produced in an aura of senti-

timentality that prevents the author from viewing his subject with the reality that he pursues in the portrayal of any adult character. On the other hand, they have a wisdom and strength beyond any expected capacity the reader could imagine. Seldom do they resemble children we know or have met.

It is not surprising that Chaucer, a master in the art of characterization and reality, has given us two child characters that are really unique in fiction. In the *Prioress' Tale*, the ancient story of a Christian child murdered by the Jews, the "litel clergeon, seven yeer of age" is depicted with deep and tender pathos. His simple child-nature is set forth fully as we see the little clerk on his daily walk to and from his school, bending the knee, and saying his "Ave Maria" whenever he saw an image of the Mother of Christ. As he sits in school conning his "litel book", he hears the "Alma Redemptoris" sung by older children in another room.—

*And, as he dorste, he drough him ner and ner,
And herkned ay the wordes and the note
Til he the firste vers coude al by rote.*

Even the older schoolfellow who teaches him the rest of the song, and tells him what it means, is clearly, though briefly, characterized:

*His felaw, which that elder was than he,
Answerde him thus: 'This song, I have herd seye,
Was maked of our blisful lady free,
Hir to salue, and eek hir for to preyne
To been our help and socour when we deye.
I can no more expounde in this matere;
I lerne song, I can but smal grammere.*

He is a likeable boy but he lacks the divine spark of his younger comrade. To him the anthem is but part of his school task. Not so the "itel clergeon":

*'Now certes, I wol do my diligence
To conne it al, er Cristemassee is went
Though that I for my prymere shall be shent
And shall be beten thryes in an houre,
I wol it conne, our lady for to honoure!*

How really childlike and unique these children are is readily seen by comparison with the utterly impossible children who occasionally appear in the plays of Shakespeare. One instance is Macduff's son in *Macbeth*. His youth is evidenced by his mother's concern for his protection and welfare. Yet this child is at every moment the author of a pun, that is neither suited to his age nor warranted by the situation.

Lady M: Yes, he is dead. How wilt thou do for a father?

Son: Nay. How will you do for a husband?

Lady M: Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son: Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

* * * * *

Lady M: Now, God help thee, poor monkey!

But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son: If he were dead, you'd weep for him; if you would not, it were a good sign that I should soon have a new father.

As a quipster, he becomes hardly more than a foil for Lady Macduff's distress to bring out her feelings on the plight of her child. Any sympathy we might have for the child comes of viewing him through the eyes of the mother.

Platonism which has always been the "stuff" of great poetry seems to have failed Wordsworth in his portrayal of the young child. According to Platonic theory, the child, who comes originally from the world of ideas, is so filled with innocence and life, that Death is unreal. In "We Are Seven", the eight year old child maintains an illusion beyond any power to dispel, that the family is still intact although four brothers and sisters have died. Coleridge attacked this illusory portrayal of the child justly. While no child is expected to understand the full meaning of death, children do realize that death takes from them the things they love. Wordsworth may have given us good Platonism and a poetic idea of the child, but he failed to preserve human nature, and the true mind of the child.

Another attitude of the author in his presentation may be that of pure sentiment. Of such a kind is Tennyson's young Emmie from *In The Children's Hospital*. The contrast between the doctor with "big merciless hands" who is "happier using the knife than in trying to save the limb" and young Emmie, a "spirit in prison" makes the child immediately an object of maudlin pity. Emmie is little more than Victorian sentimentality (at its worst), externalized and personified.

Even Dickens whose flair for great characterizations is proverbial, falls under the same spell of sentimentality. For often his children are depicted not as they are or even as they ought to be, but as he wishes they might be. Little Nell from *The Old Curiosity Shop* as he fashions her is a fountain of strength and resourcefulness with capabilities one could hardly expect from a child. Young Kit, her companion, is equally improbable as the man about town with tact and good humour to meet every situation. They are Dickens' characters, and his charm forces us to like them but can we ever believe such children ever really existed?

It would seem that the field of child psychology is still untouched by the authors. Men like Shakespeare may have felt that as characters children were unsatisfactory because they could hardly be depicted with the fatal flaw nor as subject to great passions. Yet Shakespeare has given us exquisite fantasy and gem-like mad scenes. One wonders why he hesitated to portray children or why he made them so impossible when he did.

Childhood today is everywhere looked upon scientifically, whether from the point of heredity or environment. For the child is now truly recognized as "father to the man". In youth the seed for the fatal flaw already begins to take root and every development thereafter must either nurture or crush it. Yet it seems that the author who professes to be a reader in the book of nature overlooks almost consistently the chapter on Childhood.

JUDGMENT

*Five men convened in judgment, a solemn galaxy;
Each one felt profoundly his own profundity.*

*The first condemned a moonbeam, he said, "It can't be good,
I miss in it the substance one always finds in wood."*

*The second murmured: "Rainbows, though prettily arrayed,
Are silly sights for people, their colors quickly fade."*

*The third was very sleepy, his voice seemed far away,
"Are butterflies not worthless? They only live a day."*

*The fourth decried a rosebud; "It's neither bread nor meat,
The only things that matter," said he, "are things to eat."*

*The last blinked eyes of cunning at something very far.
"Give me," said he, "my profits, let others cash the star."*

*Five men convened in judgment, their poise was good to see,
Not one of them suspected his own profundity.*

Bernadette Cassidy

THE "UPPER" CLASS

MARY HOLIHAN

THE NEXT TIME you're at a box-office and hear an unabashed, "Two \$1.20's for tomorrow night, please", don't waste any tears on that particular customer. He doesn't want any of your well-meant sympathy, and would probably turn down your sympathy or even your orchestra seat with a mixture of mild scorn and pity. You see, the League of Balcony-Sitters is a proud and independent clique. The members are loosely organized, it's true, but even new devotees possess a kind of fierce pride in their balcony habitat. Not only that, but they're exclusive as well. I can tell you confidently (being a member myself) that our League includes only \$1.20 patrons of the legitimate theater. Only recently have we recognized even opera and ballet audiences as worthy to join the ranks.

The aims and purposes of this distinguished society are many and complex; briefly, however, the League aims at the appreciation and betterment of balcony seats and what they imply. Assuming that you know what a balcony seat is, I shall confine myself to explaining the implications of buying and using a balcony ticket.

In the first place, the \$1.20 patron has come principally to enjoy "Medea" or "The Firebird" or "Tosca". But wait a minute, you say, he may be in that \$1.20 seat for another reason. Maybe he can't afford another seat; maybe he likes heights; maybe the ticket is a gift! I say that most patrons inhabit the balcony by choice; you can reach much more satisfying heights in almost any office-building; and by actual survey, fewer people give away balcony-seat tickets than those of any other section. Ask any of them, and you'll see for yourself that the balconier is out for entertainment. He has not bought a mezzanine seat to be fashionable, nor an orchestra seat to see the audience, nor a box to be seen by the audience. He's out to be amused, but he is still the author's most critical onlooker as he sits aloft.

I can tell you some of the advantages that membership involves, since I've been balconying for quite a while now. You see, we like our position which commands a view of the whole stage. After experiencing the joys of such vision, it's practically impossible to be content with an orchestra seat which provides an eyeful of right front and a generous preview of oncoming actors in the left wing. We are only mildly interested in the "gorgeous costumes" or "extravagant sets" that the advertisements proclaim. They're nice to have around, I suppose, but too often their main purpose is to distract the unsuspecting theater-goer from a limping libretto. We up above are seldom victims in this respect, for we're too far away to be properly dazzled anyway. But that doesn't mean we're out of touch with the stage. Rather, we're enjoying an all-over picture which can be altered to suit ourselves by focusing the faithful opera-glasses on the stage. (Here the League is sharply divided, some insisting on opera-glasses as essential items, others scorning them nobly.)

Modern acoustics see to it that we don't miss a line of dialogue, or if we do, you'll hear about it via the newspapers within a week, I'll guarantee. Here the League has elected some favorites like Frank Fay and Judith Anderson

who always remember the \$1.20'ers and make sure we know what they're talking about, even when they're "whispering". Many of our balcony-sitters have succeeded in rousing mumbling companies with their regular and strong complaints to critics when other less-considerate actors fail us. We've got pull, you know, and our voice is heard above that of our less fortunate brothers from the pit. Oh, I'm a Leaguer 100%.

Don't think, however, that my affection for the balcony is an illustration of ignorance being bliss, because I've known the joys of "better" seats . . . ha. Do you know those rickety undertaker chairs in the Metropolitan Opera House boxes? Well, I sat in one for "Madame Butterfly" in my youth. Everything was enchanting: the exotic settings, the exaggerated dramatics, and when we had time to listen, the expressive music. Especially moving was the scene between the unfaithful American and his Oriental wife who clutches her "child" while singing her love for him. At least it was moving until the little red wig (I don't know yet why it was *red*) slipped unceremoniously from the "child's" head and rolled zigzagging to the footlights before the horrified audience. The lovely lead shot some unlovely remark to her "lover" who scooped the offending object from the floor and plunked it back on the gleaming dome of his offspring. Somehow this rather interesting detail lessened my sympathy for Madame.

Didn't the balcony know what had happened? Possible. But the music was uninterrupted, of course, and I doubt whether many of the up-stairs patrons had the spell broken for them as I did. Not that I'm unwilling to suspend my disbelief, but I do like some help.

Another time I was intrigued by a purple velvet dress that kept turning up on different extras in the many group scenes of "Song of Norway". We saw that from row D, Orchestra, and were properly impressed by the pounds of grease-paint through which actors must talk, but I can't recall much of the plot off-hand. I *do* remember the "faked" piano playing of Grieg which was so very obvious from our seats, however.

Of course, the League is quite willing to admit that although it provides the answer to situations like these, it is not yet the perfect answer. There is plenty of room for improvement in the balconier's life. We're campaigning right now for just a little more stretching room, a few more theaters with elevators, better ventilation and a little less condescension from the ushers. We've learned certain tricks traipsing around balconies, such as avoiding seat G-111 at the International (that's right behind a pole) and leaving on a run for an intermission cigarette at the Ziegfeld (quite a trek to smoking territory).

But all considered, I'll still stick to my fellow balcony-men who prefer to rejoice, at the theater, from on high.



SAINT BETTY OF OLD NEW YORK

BETTY HARKIN

WIFE, mother, widow, nun, and then saint was the life pattern of many of the early Christian women. Except for the last condition, which may soon be fulfilled, it is also the pattern followed by Elizabeth Seton, foundress of the American Sisters of Charity, and the most likely candidate for our first native-born saint.

Born in historic old New York when the country was feeling the first pulsations of the Revolution, she was known to the world as Betty Ann Bayley, the daughter of wealthy Doctor Bayley. One of her favorite pastimes as a child was to go down to the poorer section of the city where many immigrant Irish women kept small trinket shops. Her purpose was not to buy, however, but to listen to the strange and wonderful stories they told. They were as attracted to Betty as she was to them, and it was in this way that she first learned of the Catholic faith. Her childhood was not a particularly happy one though, for she lost her mother at an early age, and was treated rather harshly by her stepmother and half-brothers and sisters. However, these troubles served as a preparation for the future, for Betty's life was not to be an easy one.

When she was nineteen and was being toasted as the belle of New York, she was married to William Magee Seton. Their marriage was termed a "perfect match" by the New York social set, but this happiness was short-lived, for not many years after, her husband contracted tuberculosis, and the doctors advised a trip to the warm climate of Italy. Leaving their five young children with friends, Elizabeth made the perilous voyage across the Atlantic with him, only to see him die before they reached the shore. She did not return home immediately, but accepted the offer of the Felicchi family, friends of her husband, to stay with them at their home at Leghorn, to rest from her ordeal. It was here, in the peaceful surroundings of the Italian countryside, that she received the gift of the faith when she sought comfort in her grief.

Back in New York once more, she began to take instructions. Her family and that of her husband were horrified, and neither they nor her friends would have anything to do with her. When she and her children were baptized, the Setons succeeded in stopping her inheritance, and her former pastor wrote bitter criticisms of her for all who cared to read them. In order to support herself and the children, she opened a small school, but those who were formerly her friends refused to send their children there, and did all in their power to bring about the failure of the school. Forced to give it up, she had begun to feel that there was nowhere she could turn, when she received a letter from the Archbishop of Baltimore, who had heard of her plight, inviting her to open a school there. This time, she enjoyed considerably more success, and soon, as the school grew, other women came to join her in teaching. The school was a unique one in America—it admitted the poor as well as the rich, the colored as well as the white.

Elizabeth's faith had so deepened and strengthened that she began to feel that her life was not as complete as she would like; the desire of serving God as a religious had taken a firm root in her soul; she was now ready to

carry it out. Together with her teaching companions, she formed, in 1809, the first religious community founded in America. Their rule was that of Saint Vincent de Paul, as practiced by the Sisters of Charity in Bordeaux, and consequently, they took the Sisters of Charity as their title. Elizabeth, who had won the admiration of all the Sisters by her spirit of self-sacrifice and mortification, and by her patience and charity, was unanimously elected superior, and became known as Mother Seton.

Their first convent was a little log house in the woods of Emmittsburg, just outside of Baltimore. In spite of the hardships resulting from their extreme poverty, the small community continued to grow; in fact, even two of Mother Seton's daughters became novices. Nor were they content to stay in their own surroundings. Bands of Sisters were sent to New York, Philadelphia, Saint Louis,—and even Brooklyn, where they opened schools, hospitals and orphan asylums. Mother Seton, however, did not live to see her Sisters make these advances. Worn out by her years of work, suffering and penance, she was content to let the others carry on her work while she went on to her reward.

Today, there are over 16,000 Sisters of Charity in the United States engaged in education, care of the sick, social work, and foreign and home missions. Next to carrying out these works, the desire closest to their hearts is to see Mother Seton canonized. Her cause has been presented at Rome, and many feel that it is only a matter of time before she will bear the title, *Saint*.

When she was little Betty Bayley, she worked a sampler that could well be called the sum and substance of her whole life. It read:

*Betty, be kind and just and wise;
There solid self-enjoyment lies.
Adorn thy heart, adorn thy mind
With knowledge of the purest kind.
Be this thy care, be this thy strife;
And thou shalt lead a happy life.*

To W. B.

*There was a man who used to know
Where the smoothest reeds would grow,
On which to pipe a lay.
There he would sit with pipe in hand
Piping songs of a mystic land,
Songs for a child to understand,
Songs of another day.*

*Where is his song?
Where did he go?
And will he be gone very long?*

*He went where all the wise men go,
For he knew what only wise men know,
That when the world was dull and grey
He would make it sing with his piping song.*

Joan Dolan

“THE ITCH FOR SCRIBBLING”

JUDY CUMMINGS

“**I**F you treat George Bernard Shaw the same way as you treat $2 + 2$, or $13 + 3$, he might as well be a cipher—not a man!”

This sums up Maurice Leahy's views on humanizing great literary characters, and bringing to people a closer understanding of the Arts.

Famous Catholic scholar, writer and lecturer, Mr. Leahy has written and broadcast widely on various spiritual aspects of literature and philosophy in every important university in the United States, England, and Ireland. A few of his published works include: *An Anthology of Contemporary Poetry*, *Converts to the Church* and *An Angel of Mercy*.

“My feelings coincide with those of Sir William Orpen, the renowned English artist,” continued Mr. Leahy. “He didn't portray God as a fierce and bearded figure, but as tender Infant in the Crib.”

No one could possibly doubt the birthplace of this gracious gentleman. The merry twinkle in his eyes, the warmth of his welcome, and his delightful manner of speech in truly classic English, denote the Dublin scholar. Every gesture bespeaks his abundant culture of mind and spirit.

Born and educated in Kerry, Ireland, he remarked that Miss Mary O'Daly, one of his teachers, had a profound influence on his early boyhood. “Even today, I remember perfectly, all the memory passages she drove into my head. She insisted on industrious application, and inculcated patriotism and cultural ideals into our young minds. That constant ‘Itch for Scribbling,’ which I later learned to translate in Latin as ‘Cacoethes Scribendi’ was present, even then.”

This yen for writing has led Maurice Leahy to write many books on his native land. Considered an authority on the subject, he has just contributed to the *Book of Knowledge* and the *Grolier Encyclopedia* the sections relating to Irish History and Literature. *The Flower of Her Kindred*, a recent book, is a story of Irish education in the eighteenth century.

The author has spent many years in England where he founded the Catholic Poetry Society under the leadership of G. K. Chesterton and prominent poets of the day. Indeed, he was in close contact with Chesterton and Belloc, of whom he speaks with understanding and admiration.

“Chesterton could never abide his own poetry—he referred to it as ‘doggerel’. When this ponderous man (in mind and body) was requested to read his poem, *The Donkey*, he slyly quipped, ‘I don't carry *The Donkey* about with me. I am one.’

“Then he would suggest that one of Hillaire Belloc's poems be read instead—‘something worth while.’ Both men had a profound admiration and respect for the other. Both were unanimous in their judgment of H. G. Wells, whom they put down as a ‘half educated ignoramus.’

“Indeed, Belloc and Chesterton—souls of humility—formed a great contrast to the indomitable George Bernard Shaw, whose conceit is well known.

“I don't know anyone who can write better than myself,” was this gentleman's frequent remark, and even Shakespeare came in for a slight from the

self-satisfied Shaw. When asked to celebrate the birthday of the great Bard, he replied, "I don't celebrate my own, so why celebrate his?"

As to the immediate future, Mr. Leahy said: "I would like to promote some of the many cultural aspects of the Church and my plans include an exhibition of Madonnas. The purpose of this would be to counteract the current trend of Bolshevik art."

To keep literature and the arts from becoming formal, heavy and dull, and to incorporate this system into every American university and college, is Mr. Leahy's hope. His present informal lectures succeed in doing just this—reaching the public and giving them a taste for the classics.

Listening to his beautiful oratory, his audience is moved to smile at Shaw, to admire Belloc and to stifle a sob at the humble greatness of Chesterton.

Agamemnon On Clytemenstra

*The fires of love burn bright in woman's heart
Yea bright enough to warm a colder soul
Than mine; but still, 'tis a dangerous flame.
How often has it surged to whitened heat
And scorched the fibers of the soul beloved;
Ah, Clytemnestra, such a love is thine
And I do fear it. Yea, your love has made
A coward of a king, a shivering
Weakling out of Agamemnon; the gods
Do laugh to see him tremble at his fate,
Oh, he who never flinched on Trojan plain,
Who looked Achilles in the eye and smiled
At Wrath, Incarnate, Oh that he should fear
A woman. For though she hear them call me Victor,
Beloved of Gods and Men, she will seek out
The quiver of the lips, the rolling
Of the eyes and hate me for what I truly be.
Gods! Gods! You ask too much. Have I not lived
So long with pain, lain down with wretched dreams
Of sacrifice and rose to live in fear
Of her who mothered Iphigenia;
I tremble on the brink of depthless hate
And knowing but suspicions and despair
I trust—as once a child did trust in me.
Oh Greece! Oh Clytemenstra! Agamemnon
Returns victorious, but in chains.*

Joan Dolan

SHE SAW A WORLD DISSOLVE

ROSEMARY BYRNE

WOMEN have a great responsibility and they are obliged to try so far as they can to prevent another war. I hope that the construction of the atom bomb not only will help to finish this awful war but that we will be able to use this great energy that has been released for peaceful work." A shy, dignified little lady broadcast these words across the Atlantic on August 9, 1945, four days after the atom bomb had been dropped on Hiroshima. Like the rest of the world, she had been surprised, but more so for Lise Meitner by her work in uranium fission, had played an important role in the saga of this scientific achievement.

What has she seen, this woman scientist? She has seen years of study and research, days of discrimination and flight.

She first began her scientific studies in her native Austria. The news of the discovery of radium by the Curies in 1902 fascinated Miss Meitner and further stimulated the interest in atomic physics evinced during her first year at Vienna.

1908 found the young physicist pursuing advanced studies under the renowned Dr. Max Planck. The then twenty-year-old girl also began experimental work in atomic radioactivity with Dr. Otto Hahn. This work was continued later when she was appointed assistant to Planck at the University of Berlin.

During World War I, Dr. Meitner organized a department of physical radioactivity at Berlin's Kaiser Wilhelm Institute and there concentrated her study on the natural and artificial transmutation of elements. Work with Drs. Hahn and Strassman led to the discovery of protoactinium in 1918, to the creation of trans-uranium (this product which is heavier than uranium was produced by bombarding uranium with neutrons) in 1938, and to the invention of an "atomic microscope" for observing chemical action.

With this delicate instrument, the scientists made a startling discovery. Barium, an element not present at the experiment's beginning, was detected after firing slow speed neutrons at an uranium nucleus. Whence had this element come? Before this question could be answered, Dr. Meitner had to flee from Germany.

Naziism and its anti-semitism ruled Germany at this time. Lise Meitner the Jewess, was not wanted as a teacher at the University of Berlin, but Dr. Meitner, the scientist, was to be compelled to remain in the Reich for atomic research.

Escape from the Nazis was made possible by Dr. Meitner's Dutch co-workers who gained permission for her to enter Holland without a passport. Via Holland and Denmark, she reached Sweden in 1938, not only with freedom but also with the mathematical solution for the barium's origin.

Dr. Meitner's report to a scientific journal stated that the appearance of barium indicated the fission of the uranium atom (atomic weight, 92), one part of which was barium (atomic weight, 56); the other, krypton (atomic weight, 36). The atomic energy released by this splitting was calculated to amount to two hundred million electron volts per atom.

The scientific world received this information from Dr. Neils Bohr in America, to whom the results of the experiment had been transmitted in January, 1939. Germany and the Allies quickly saw the military possibilities of the discovery though Dr. Meitner and her colleagues had not thought of its destructive use.

On the day of Hiroshima's bombing, Lisa Meitner was resting at a summer hotel in Sweden. The atomic attack came as a surprise to the renowned physicist. A few days later Eleanor Roosevelt in the NBC transatlantic broadcast congratulated Dr. Meitner and compared her with Mme. Curie. After giving tribute to the scientist, Mrs. Roosevelt expressed the hope that she would visit this country. This wish was fulfilled when Miss Meitner was asked to lecture at Catholic University in Washington.

Irene Orgel summarized Miss Meitner's contribution to the world in a manner that questions the future benefits of her profound discovery.



*She is the one who saw a world dissolve
(Folk are as scattered leaves before a storm,
Seeds shuffle and the nations intermix),
And being such a one, equipped to solve
The riddle, find the answer, grasp the form,
Perhaps the path of wandering planets fix,
What has she seen? The embryonic brain
Looks up bewildered at the egg-blue sky,
And prays the hour of birth is not yet nigh,
Or wishes it were unconceived again.
What has she seen? And can she ever tell
(We call on men of science to explain)
Whether the cracking of the fragile shell
Will free us into heaven or to hell.*

“AND PEACE ATTEND THEE”

BERNADETTE CASSIDY

FROM the day of the lyre even to the day of the radio, every baby that has ever been born has been put to sleep to the soothing sound of a mother's song. All over the world mothers sing their babies to sleep . . . from the Esquimaux who sings to her babe through the long winter nights . . . to the dusky skinned native beneath a tropical sun.

These songs, having come to be known as “Lullabies” have universal appeal. In the Dutch we find “lullen” and in Swedish “lulla”, but whatever the spelling lullaby means to soothe and make quiet and the word itself suggests the soft swaying motion of the cradle and some form of gentle rhythm.

Even the ancients were enamored of these soft refrains; we find a Grecian mother crooning sweetly to her baby;

*“Come sleep, come sleep, take him away,
Come sleep and make him slumber.
Carry him to the garden of Aga.
Aga will give him grapes, his wife, roses, his servants, pancakes.”*

While across the sea, a Roman mother bends over the cradle of some restless, future senator and tenderly croons:

*“Lalla, lalla, lalla.
Aut dormi, aut lacti.”*

But with the birth of Our Lord the tales of lullabies were turned to the sweet mysteries of His Nativity. Lullabies became devotional in nature and it is easy to unearth dozens of lullabies to the Christ-Child in the ancient literature of many countries.

Among the earliest there is a Latin cradle song, which legend tells us was composed by Mary, the Mother of Jesus, and about which discussion has ranged for centuries. The exact origin or date of composition is not accurately known. It begins:

*“Dormi fili dormi, Mater
Cantat unigenito.
Dormi puer dormi, Pater
Nato clamat parvulo.
Millies tibi laudes caninus
Mille, mille, millies.”*

Without knowing a single word of Latin but just by repeating it a number of times, you soon get the sense of lulling which it is intended to convey. It is very long, this ancient lullaby and scholars agree that it is one of the oldest.

In studying the English lullaby we find that rather than belonging to the nursery, they are in truth philosophical poems and are certainly beyond the understanding of the tiny folk. Unlike the sweet, popular “nинне-нанне” of Italy, or the folk-verse and cradle song of Germany, which usually are charming little songs in a light strain, the earlier lullabies are decidedly serious and most of them have a religious theme and are addressed to the Christ-Child.

Of the many lullabies belonging to the 14th and 15th centuries, there seems to be only one left to us which was sung by a human mother to her babe. This one, the 14th century "lollai, lollai, litil child" was composed around the year 1318. It is the song of a mother who at length anticipates the sorrows that await the babe to whom she sings:

"Deth ssal come with a blast."

Each stanza recounts the woes of this world and has a lullaby refrain; "Lollai, lollai, litil child."

Other English lullabies have the nativity theme. They are concerned primarily with Mary and the Infant Jesus. Many of them resemble the sacred lullabies of Italy. The old poets did not hesitate to have the Virgin send her Child to sleep with a croon. There is a very lovely one, a dialogue between the Mother and Child containing a reference to the Magi:

*"Thys endris nyght
I saw a sight—a stare as bryght as day
and ever among a Mayden song
Lullay by, by lullay."*

In one of the stanzas the Child tells His Mother that He is the Son of a King. The human endearments in this long and lovely lullaby might have been whispered by any mother hushing her child to sleep.

It is worthwhile to turn to Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "The Virgin Mary to the Christ-Child." Her poem although not originally intended as a cradle song has been read to children through the years:

*"Sleep, sleep my holy One!
My flesh, my Lord! What name? I do not know
A name that seemeth not too high nor low,
Too far from me or Heaven,
My Jesus that is best. That word being giren
By the majestic angel, whose command
Was softly, as man's beseeching said;
When I and all the world appeared to stand
In the great overflow,
Of light celestial from His wings and head.
Sleep, sleep my saring one."*

Then, there is a Piedmontese carol sung in churches on Christmas Eve which is a lullaby to the Christ-Child. Many variants of this are known in Italy:

*"Lullaby mine Infant fair,
Heaven's King,
All glittering,
Full of grace and lilies rare."*

This is sung to the image of the "Bambino" in its crib just before Midnight Mass. The legend runs that Mary was busy mending St. Joseph's clothes and that the good Saint was too occupied to sing to the babe, who cried in His cradle because no one was attending Him. So the Archangel Raphael

came and rocked Him to sleep. A Sicilian legend holds that the sweet words sung by Raphael,

“Lullaby, Jesus, Son of Mary.”

was the first lullaby.

Another favorite is this one, found in nearly all old English Anthologies:

*“I saw a maiden fair, sit and sing
She lulled a little Child, a sweet Lordling,
Lullaby, ming liking, my dear son, my sweetling,
Lullaby my dear heart, mine own Darling.”*

Through all of English History there are many cradle songs—and coming to 1789, there is Blake's “Cradle Song” one of the most beautiful ever written. Swinburne, Tennyson, Yeats and Christina Rosetti wrote lullabies that are unforgettable.

In Gaelic verse we get delightful variations of the cradle song; many of these center around St. Brigid, who according to tradition is said to have carried angels from Ireland to Bethlehem to guard the Holy Child, whom she washed and tended. One of the Irish Lullabies is charming.

*“You will guard all wayfarers on this
Little gold Head, my house's candle,
Sleep, O sleep soft
Sleep, O sleep soft till dawn.”*

This one refers to the legend, that on Christmas Eve Mary and the Christ-Child return to the earth, and roam about looking for an open door to enter.

It is somewhat akin to another Gaelic legend that Christ always returns to the earth on that night to bless sleeping children. Children are told that if they leave a lighted candle by their bed and the door open wide, that the Christ-Child will come and bless all good children.

Most lullabies even the most secular ones have a deeper significance than is attributed to them by mere legend. They are in the truest sense prayers. Prayers offered by human mothers of all nations who beg the Divine Mother to intercede with Her Child that Christ may allow peace to attend the children of this world all through the night of their exile.





The BOOKWORM



THOSE TERRIBLE TEENS

By VINCENT P. McCORRY
Declan McMullen Co.
New York, 1947
184 pages

who has a grade school diploma but who has not voted.

Assuring the "teen-agers" that he firmly believes in the nursery rhyme that "little girls are made of sugar and spice and everything nice", he then proceeds with frankness to tell the good Catholic girl just where she falls short of perfection. He gently rebukes the "Beautiful Dreamer", the "Leaning Tower", "Miss Helpless" and "Plain Scatterbrain" and urges them to be "up and doing".

The author directs some of his sparkling wit against several well-chosen objects: Hollywood, the soap-opera and pulp magazines. He shows that their cheap portrayal of love, of everything that's beautiful is degrading. He urges our "modern misses" to become model girls so that He will one day say: "You Remind Me of My Mother".

This book by Father McCorry is a timely book that interests the whole family as well as the "teen-agers". As a result of the lively and humorous style of writing, "teen-agers" will read it, but adults can help them to follow the excellent suggestions.

The evident interest of the author, his ability to present constructive as well as destructive criticism in a breezy and informal style, make this a worthwhile book.

Nora McNerney

WHEN THE MOUNTAIN FELL
By C. F. RAMUZ
Pantheon Books
New York, 1947
221 pp.

THE clear, stark title of this novel is, as happens so rarely nowadays, actually indicative of its content. It tells us exactly what the author has written about and indicates succinctly his straightforward method of story-telling. For C. F.

Ramuz relates just what happened "when the mountain fell" in a tense, unadorned style which provides welcomed simplicity in the midst of current verbose fiction.

The book is based on a true story of one man's survival when a whole village in the Alps was completely buried by an avalanche of one hundred and fifty million cubic feet of mountainside stone and earth. The Swiss author has used his natural surroundings skillfully as a background against which he presents his ordinary people in a situation which brings to the surface their latent qualities showing the real dignity of man. It is the unnamed hope and faith of Antoine which keep him from mental or physical death during his two-month imprisonment under the fallen mountain. It is the strong love and courage of Therese which effect his rescue from either fate at the last crucial moment. We know these basic human properties well, and yet their stark presentation gives pleasure and excitement in the reading because of the author's expert narrative ability. He controls and shades each particular scene with ease and can modulate his style to convey suspense or familiarity, terror or calm in a seemingly unrehearsed manner. The result is a clever disposal of actual detailed imaginative work to the reader who, by this time quite willing to do his part, fills in the author's broad outline of mood or description.

WHEN THE MOUNTAIN FELL is the second short, impressive work of a new European novelist whose books must undergo the tortures of translation before they reach us. However, Sarah Fisher Scott has done a beautiful job of preserving the "integrity" of Ramuz, which his foreign critics praise, in her English adaptation. The modern reader may feel short-changed by the simple plot which is presented to him in the author's strangely subtle manner. To some extent this objection is valid, because although the story is one complete unit, the attempt to keep action centered around the single theme has led to the omission of certain details which cannot be ignored without causing speculation and even doubt on the reader's part. Taken as a whole the book stands up under scrutiny for both entertainment value and a sub-level meaning which is symbolized by Antoine's persistent struggle to survive.

Mary Holihan

PRECIOUS BANE

By MARY WEBB
Dutton and Co.
New York, 1928
298 pp.

THIS unusual novel, written by an obscure seller of flowers and market produce in the Shropshire village of Shrewsbury, reveals a prose that is both keen and sensitive. There can be little doubt as to why this book received the Femina Vie Heureuse prize for 1924-5, for its excellence has had few equals in recent fiction.

The theme of *Precious Bane* is simple and its characters are of an ancient mould. Its title is derived from Milton's lines in *Paradise Lost*:

*Let none admire that riches grow in Hell;
That soil may best deserve the precious bane.*

The narrator of the story, a woman named Prudence Sarn who lives in the farming district near the Shropshire town of Lullingford in the early 1800's, tells of her fierce, stubborn brother, Gideon Sarn, and of his all-consuming quest for wealth and power; of how his ambitions brought not only misery and unhappiness to those who loved him, but also brought about his own moral and spiritual destruction as he reaped the "precious bane" of his own sowing.

Running somewhat in the manner of musical counterpoint is the tender love story of Prue Sarn herself, who, though marred in face and shunned by many of the village people as a witch, finds joy when the Weaver, Kester Woodseaves, comes to recognize the beauty of her soul.

Mrs. Webb's sure instinct for penetrating character study is remarkable, for not only are Prue and Gideon clearly portrayed, but a score of others (such as the flinty little Wizard Beguildy, his hapless, amiable daughter, Jancis, and the Sarns' tiny, bird-like mother) will linger in the memory long after the book has been finished.

However, it is not this alone which singles out *Precious Bane* from the ordinary class of novels. It is the sincere love of God and His Creation that fires these pages and makes them a joy to read. A passage should serve to illustrate:

But it is a marvelous thing to see, when the great hush of full summer and deep night is upon the land, till even the aspen tree, that will ever be gossiping, durstna speak, but holds breath as if she waited for the coming of the Lord . . .

Although Mary Webb was a Protestant, this novel may safely be classed as a Catholic one, for if it is measured by Sister Mariella Gable's rule, "would a Catholic have written it this way?", the answer is, most assuredly, "yes". The transition from our harried, modern society into the unfamiliar, fascinating Shropshire atmosphere, as pictured in *Precious Bane*, is sure to prove an interesting and rewarding experience!

Sally Harmon

THE PLACE OF SPLENDOR

By JESSICA POWERS
Cosmopolitan Science and Art Service
Co.
New York, 1946
88 pp.

IT IS difficult to write a review of this book; one is more prone to write an appreciation. Here is a collection of verses, which is marked by a singleness of purpose and a simplicity of expression. Few modern works can claim as much.

Jessica Powers, though she is an apostle of free verse, brings to her work the clarity and lyricism of a Yeats. Her poems are the windows of her soul, the place of splendor. In recounting her spiritual experiences, she makes use of accurate figures and short, pointed lines. These two techniques clarify the poet's meditations and restrain any emotional overflow. In three lines of "Where the Spirit Dwells", we find the perfect expression of an experience, which modern novelists are still trying to communicate:

*"Each soul was made divergent and alone
And of itself forever without kin
Save to a Blessed Guest Who waits within."*

Again, a familiar theme is pressed into words in "There is a Homelessness":

*"There is a homelessness, never to be clearly defined.
It is more than having no place of one's own, no bed or chair.
It is more than walking alone in a waste of wind
Or gleanings the crumbs where someone else has dined
Or taking a coin for food or clothes to wear.
The loan of things and the denial of things are possible to bear."*

The themes of most of these poems are spiritual, rather than religious. One might say that Jessica Powers' outlook was both Catholic and catholic. Like Hopkins and Merton, she calls on the spiritual pathways familiar to us all. Like them, she bids the soul awaken and "Lift up your emptiness!", "invest your love with pain", to be "Anchored in God my postexilic Good". Unlike Hopkins and Merton, her emotions have been sharply checked. One need only compare Hopkins' "A Nun Taking the Veil" to "On Entering Carmel" to note the differences.

*"The day is ended with the end of Compline.
A bell is sounded as a discipline
Against all inner and all outer din.
I seek our cell to pray. O soundless Spirit.
Let the Great Silence in my life begin."*

Restraint and simplicity make the poems depthless. There is plenty of room for imaginative flights, for the reader is not hampered by burdensome details. What is more important, after the flights are over, is that one may truthfully say:

*"I came back from my journey so clean and so shining
That no matter what dark I still would be free."*

Joan Dolan

DESIGNS FOR CHRISTIAN LIVING

By PETER MICHAELS
Sheed & Ward
New York, 1947
217 pp.

but of society becoming Christian. Just imagine a Christian restaurant, and then see if your image is at all similar to Carol Jackson's picture of it.

"Designs for Christian Living" describes a revolution in contemporary life, based on the recurring theme of decentralization. By means of return to the small town and rural areas a new economic situation can be established. Man will cease being a cog in a huge industrial wheel and will become an independent worker—with interest in his job, his family, his neighbor—and God. Because of lack of proper stimuli, the urban worker has become materialistic and secularized—without even being aware of it. It is this unconscious de-Christianizing which is the support of the deliberate secularists. We do not know that we are being led away from Christ.

Despite some technical defects and broad, unproved statements, this book will make the reader think. The Utopia described would be a living defeat of the issues which we usually fight theoretically. The pure and simple life seems to be rather remote—but with more people like Peter Michaels it will gradually approach us, depending upon our fitting into these "designs for Christian living."

Joan Corbett

MY DAILY PSALM BOOK

By JOSEPH B. FREY
New English Translation from the
New Latin Version
300 pp.

friend in a new guise.

The Psalms are the most perfect of prayers. Inspired by God, and composed chiefly by David, they have been on the tongues of men for almost three thousand years. For beauty of expression, depth of meaning and appropriateness for any and every occasion, the Catholic can find no better instrument for communicating with the Author of his being. They are, as the translator simply states, "God-made"; all other prayers, with the exception of the Lord's Prayer and the Angelic Salutation, are man-made.

Father Frey's translation will bear a careful comparison with the older version. It loses nothing. Indeed, it clarifies many obscure verses, as the translator states in the Introduction. The interested reader might use Psalm 126 as an example.

There are many features to recommend this book. The arrangement of appropriate Psalms to form prayers for particular occasions, the division of the Psalter into days and the sub-division into Psalms which might be said throughout the day, much as the Divine Office is recited, all this adds to its

THIS book, based on Catholic Action principles, urges us to cease being apologetic, unobtrusive Catholics and flee the modern form of religious hypocrisy—pretending not to be pious. It is not a question of Catholics conforming to society—

AS one views the superabundance of devotional material available to the Catholic, it is not without a sense of relief that Father Frey's publication is received. Here we experience that most delightful of surprises—the recognition of an old

usefulness. Not the least attractive feature is the wealth of unusually striking illustrations. The handy size of the volume should help it assume its rightful place as the "vade mecum" of busy and devout Catholics in every walk of life.

The reader of the Daily Psalm Book may rest assured that he will never fully plumb the deep wells of inspiration, consolation and enjoyment to be found in the daily use of these exquisite songs of praise.

Sister Mary Richard

EDITORIAL

CATHOLIC WOMANHOOD

THE day has passed, since women were considered to be merely fixings . . . merely Nora-like creatures with no minds of their own . . . candles on a birthday cake, pretty but hardly practical. . . . But that day is past.

The day has come when we must take our place in society, and fight for our Catholic ideals. For today, the world is filled with blood and snobbery; sweat and dirt. But somewhere, amidst all this filth, lies a treasure. It is not a hidden treasure, nor is it buried. Rather, it is within the immediate grasp of all those who wish to see. We as Catholics, Catholic women, have found this treasure. And it is ours to give. We give gold, while others give tin. We, who have so much to offer, must offer.

*"Decline and fall have been dancing in all men's souls
For a long while."*

And it is for us, to make men's souls dance and leap skyward!

We must show the world that truth, beauty and goodness are not lost to it. We must show the world that decency is not outmoded. We must show the world the treasure. We must show the world God. The day has come. That day is here.

Joan Doherty

CLUB NOTES

CARDINAL NEWMAN in his essay on "The Idea of a University" noted particularly the value of informal discussion in an exchange of ideas, which is made possible by university life. Informality and exchange of ideas keynote the club life at St. Joe's. Clubs generally fulfill a purpose that is not always accomplished in class where formality tends to stifle discussion. But even the clubs can fail their purpose if the students are misinformed. Many Freshmen and Sophomores are of the impression that the clubs are restricted

either to upperclassmen or to majors in a particular field. This has not only kept interested students from joining but has hindered the growth of the clubs.

Mercier Circle, the philosophy club at the College, is particularly suited to an exchange of ideas. Philosophy touches on every phase of life (and every major at the college). This year Mercier has attempted to relate philosophy to life concretely in the field of History, English and other fields. It is felt that the theory is given in class, but the practical effects and influences are not always or often considered. Under discussion has been the question whether women could be philosophers, the hylomorphic theory and present knowledge of the structure of the atom and beauty in the Epic. Mercier meets on the second Tuesday of the month. Plan to attend the next meeting.

One of the long established but lesser known clubs at the College is the Literary Society. This year the Society adopted a most informal program that has included a number of authors from the Catholic Revival Movement in France, Peguy, Bernanos, Bloy; as well as O'Neill, Ramuz, and Dostoevski. The Literary Society is open to all the student body for an informal discussion of the books you want reviewed. Again may it be said that it is neither restricted nor "long-haired" but of interest to all members of the college regardless of their special field.

Anne Doyle

LORIA

TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO the class of '21 realized a long cherished hope by establishing a college magazine. Actually "Loria" was an outgrowth of the early Literary Society. This group helped to bring the students nearer to critical and creative composition, and to prevent their enthusiasm from degenerating into a casual exchange of ideas, they endeavored to incorporate their impressions and discussions into a magazine.

This Literary Society named its publication "Loria" after Bishop Molloy's Titular See (located in Northern Africa), as a lasting testimony of appreciation for his work in his first field, St. Joseph's College. As pioneer journalists they realized a need for a significant motto and chose deliberately "Litterae Oblectamen Remaneant In Aeternum" (Love of Letters Remains Unto Eternity). That the first letter of each word of this phrase spells out "Loria" makes their choice particularly appropriate.

In the beginning the magazine appeared quarterly and any undergraduate work of a literary nature could be submitted for approval. The original staff consisted of only five members. Interesting to note is that Eva M. Flinn '21, "Loria's" first Editor-in-Chief, is known today as Sister M. St. Francis of Assisi and is the Prioress of the Good Shepherd House in Shanghai.

The format of Loria has undergone many changes from the early issues, which contained little over eighteen pages, no illustrations, book-reviews or ads, to our recent issues which are the culmination of the accumulated experience of the staffs through the years. However, from the beginning, the spirit and substance of Loria have remained on the same high plane, reflecting the unquenchable and strong determination which has spurred us on to continue the work that was so resolutely begun.

Dorothy Bloodgood

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CHOCKO AND THE SENORA

HELEN MADDEN



I WILL GO! I will!" Satisfied that the defiant cry had been heard on the other side of the door he had just slammed, Chocko rushed down the narrow green stairway. His slender, little legs carried him determinedly across the few hundred yards of newly sprung grass which separated the government housing project from the crooked strip of beach. The memory of his latest scene with Tía Rosa came before him and he had to open his eyes very wide to keep back the tears. What did that old woman know of horses or even of him?

Chocko loved a good horse. Not just because of the way the muscles moved under a smooth shining hide or because a gracefully arched neck or a proud, high head seemed the most beautiful sight in the world to him. He loved them because only when he was pounding along the little fringe of beach, his sharp young knees guiding the horse so surely over the white

sand was he able to experience any real release for the terrific core of energy with him. And now, Señora Lameiro, the old woman he called Tía and who took care of him while his mother worked (his father he couldn't remember, it was so long since he had left them) wouldn't let him visit the nearby stable.

The short, thick Mike who smelled so pungently of beer and horses and heavy stale tobacco would let him ride any horse in the stable once Chocko had given them all, and there were twenty-four of them, their morning drink. Chocko loved the slate-grey Bugle best. Mike had named the horse so because each time he passed another horse on the road, Bugle would throw up his beautiful head and give a short, salutatory whinny. And no one could doubt, once seeing the tightly-strung little boy astride the proud, nervous horse that there was a strange kinship between them. Both pixie children in one way or another, Mike would brood as he watched them race the wind.

Chocko flung himself down on the bright grass and gave full relief to the rage and hurt within him. Yellow sunshine warmed the clear air all about; a tiny, puffing breeze sweetly stirred the dark silk of Chocko's hair; a plane, just a passing hum high overhead, was the only sound in that still, still morning. And Tía Rosa, who knew how strong he was, was afraid he would get hurt! Chocko howled. She was so stupid, so fat and ugly.

The thick sobs subsided as the critical ten-year old contemplated the Señora's ugliness. She had not been able to leave the house, because of the long, narrow stairway, since the man from the government had helped them to move there. It was a bug in the blood that made her so fat, she had told him. Many other things she had told him; stories of her home in the forest near Caracas and of Simon Bolívar the liberator of her people whose picture she kissed very hard when she spoke of him; and she told him also of her husband, saying that he had looked like the United States' Al Smith. This last Chocko

shrugged off. He didn't believe she'd had a husband at all; he gave a short hard laugh to show how ridiculous he found the Señora.

Straight and still he lay for a few minutes, grass cushioning one round young cheek, sunshine reddening the other. Chocko's gaze focussed on a tiny violet bud, its slender stem not quite two inches long, and the whole easily within reach of a quick brown hand. He lazily snapped the tiny thing off at its root and held it near for a closer scrutiny. Its deep purple velvet hung downward from a tender green little cup, and, idly wondering what secret the folded petals covered, Chocko thought of tearing the bud open. A quick remorse made him sit upright. He had robbed the flower of the chance to show him how it looked grown up. He would carry it to Tía Rosa. She had a young heart for flowers and would make this one bloom, even if she didn't understand all about his riding.

He glanced up from the grass to a window in the last house in the row and saw, as he knew he would, the Señora watching him. He turned his face away and a rigid determination folded the soft lips into a straight small line.

It simply didn't occur to Chocko that the Señora really did understand and that it was precisely because she so well knew the reckless yearning to be one with wind and sky, to fling one's whole being to the beautiful, beautiful world until it seems that the tightness within must break and let peace come that she tried to hold Chocko. The Señora had been a pixie child, too, but she was old now and the knowledge that one must bend to life or be broken was ever with her. Tired, sick, she must sit at her window to watch the violets and this loved little boy grow. And now as she watched him rise slowly from the ground, she knew that he would disobey her. He was so wild; it seemed he would never learn that he must discipline himself before he could completely control a brute, and this, if only to avoid his own destruction.

Chocko walked in apparent unconcern down the road to the stable. He felt the Señora's sorrowful gaze on him and a guilty shudder passed up his sun-warmed back. Thrusting his conscience far behind with "I'm just taking a little ride," and still clutching the stem of his little violet bud, Chocko hurried into the corral. In a moment, he had brought Bugle out of the cool, dark stable, mounted the horse and, digging rather too sharply with his heel, headed for the beach.

It was no carefully laid-out path that Chocko took but a narrow cut through grass as tall as Bugle's flanks. The mixture of sand and soil along the shore had given birth to a strange child in this growth. Pale green stems, leaves of such a faint gold that in the strong yellow sunlight the whole fragrant whispering brush gave the illusion of a field of silver fairy wheat.

Chocko raised his left hand, the sturdy little violet drooping forlornly over his clenched fist. He gave a piercing, exultant shout to the sky and a smart slap with his right hand to Bugle's rump. Having his own head and finding this last indignity too much, the horse gathered his bunched muscles, bucked and then headed for the stable.

Chocko lay very still on the sand. Tía Rosa watching fearfully from her window screamed for help. But someone else had been watching and now moving more quickly than had lately been his pampered muscles wont, Mike reached the twisted heap of dusty boy. Chocko gave a helpless sob as the gruff, beery man straightened out the little limbs. The hand so strangely

bent at the wrist, relaxed, and Mike, his throat knotting painfully, picked up boy and bud together and tenderly took them to the Señora. Tearlessly, she laid him on the bed and turned to Mike.

"The doctor" she whispered.

Mike nodded, put the violet near Chocko's head and left. Tía Rosa looked at the dark, secret buds on the pillow and gave a little moan. Stroking the curls, soft as the hair of a kitten's ear, she prayed to the Virgin.

"Madre mia, he is such a little one. If he is spared nourish him with the good sunshine of your love—let your blue robe shut out all the darkness from his heart". Hearing voices on the stairs she rose and first putting the violet in a small glass of water beside Chocko's bed, she went to open the door.

Fortunately, Chocko was a hardy little boy and his good health would soon let him shake off all vestiges of a slight concussion and sprained wrist. But the Señora prayed for something else as she and Mike and the tired little mother watched 'til late that night. The new green dawn was wearing long bands of rosy light before Chocko awoke. He turned to Mike and murmured sleepily—"that Bugle, He's loco. And you know something, he makes me loco, too. If Tía lets me, will you help me learn how to ride so the horse will listen to me?" Mike nodded silently. Señora Lameiro rose wearily saying:

"La flor aparecido".

The flower has appeared? Chocko's bewildered gaze fell on the tremulously opened violet petals and he smiled happily. Tía was good. She knew what to do with flowers.

Greenwich Village—Past and Present

PHYLLIS DiGIACOMO



town living to metropolitan ways.

Of course, the aura of the Village's past plays no small part in the selection by these young people of their first home in New York. The ancient scars of this section only serve to make it more attractive. But even though the distinction of its early days is still there, the Bohemian air of tension and artifice so characteristic of the Village in former years, has almost entirely disappeared.

Statistics show that almost 65% of the Village population today is under the age of thirty and that more than half of these young inhabitants are from the Middle West and South. While sightseers still flock in droves to Village night life, restaurants and such jazz shrines as Eddie Condon's, Nick's and the Stuyvesant Casino, living in the Village no longer means that one must subscribe to a philosophy of fashionable cynicism and forced rebellion. For the young inhabitants, it means an open fireplace or a view of a garden, in lieu of a modern tiled bath with shower; it means ideal surroundings, in a small community that is reassuring to one colliding head on for the first time with the frightening impersonality of the big city.

The present personality of the Village is a direct result of the haphazard, languid growth with no planning or restrictive zoning. Its narrow, slanting, and sometimes block-long paths are a decided contrast to the carefully laid out streets of Manhattan, and have aided in preserving the Village from the inevitable changes wrought by heavy traffic and commercial thoroughfares.

The Village had its boom in 1822 when the Yellow Fever epidemic caused the wealthy to flee the ravaged city proper. With the beginning of the twentieth century, the Village, now a half-way mark between the down-town financial district and the new mid-town business and shopping section; began to attract a new type of resident—the artist, journalist, or other professional folk seeking an attractive home sans the hardship of commuting.

AS a work of art is remembered sometimes only for its imperfections, Greenwich Village is still thought of frequently by respectable people back home as a neighborhood of dissolute artists, living in the same feverishly romantic atmosphere of the roaring Twenties. This concept is both amusing and irritating to the recent college graduates and young married couples who make up a good part of the present Village population. Actually, the Village serves as a convenient and practical home for numerous young people on the brink of a career which, as yet, brings them only beginners' salaries. Greenwich Village offers these initiates a pleasant transition from campus or small

These were immediately followed by crowds of young cynics looking for escape from the disillusionment of the post-war world.

With prohibition came the flowering of the night life, generally regarded as the hey-day of the Village. This period was later tagged the era of indiscretion. Tea rooms, reminiscent of Europe's 19th century salons, became the haunts of the literati; speakeasies flourished and closed nightly. The repeal of prohibition and the accompanying depression saw the decline of the Village. The fickle tourist turned to Harlem for diversion; the ersatz Bohemian found himself without an audience.

Within the past fifteen years, the Village has slowly grown from its speakeasy, cabaret adolescence to its present mature steadiness of attitude. Today, the Village seems to stand alone in its personal friendliness. This motif of informality is evident in all phases of life in the Village. Unlike the uptown neighborhoods resident, whose dash to the corner drugstore requires the donning of a Valentina creation, the young feminine Villager feels perfectly at home in skirt and sweater. Even in these days of hysterical prices, a small, unfurnished studio apartment with brick fireplace and kitchenette, overlooking a tree-shaded garden, still rents for about \$40 a month. The young owner usually decorates his small apartment with a few odds and ends from the Village's many second-hand and unfinished furniture shops. The sparsity of furniture is compensated by a bevy of modern reproductions, headed by Picasso and Bracque, and by emphasis on slipcovers and drapes of bright, vivid colors rather than drab pastels.

Of course, the Village has its quota of high-priced specialty shops but these are more than outnumbered by proletarian-priced shopping centers. Stores cater principally to the career girl shopper and the Bleecker Street shopping section, with its fruits, vegetables, cheeses, and pastries, is crowded on Saturday mornings, both with Villagers and Village graduates who, though now residing uptown, continue the tradition of doing their shopping in their old haunts. Prices are notably cheaper in dry-cleaning, laundry, the small hardware items and even flowers.

The restaurants of the Village are perhaps the best illustration of the community's variety. For the price of an appetizer at the Stork Club, you can get a full, rich, Italian dinner at a number of small restaurants like Eddie's Aurora, Grand Ficino and the Minetta Tavern. The sidewalk cafes of the Brevoort and the Fifth Avenue Hotel reflect the Parisian quality of the Village.

Many of New York's better known citizens have lived in this part of town at one time or another. These include Fiorello La Guardia, Charles Jackson, John and Lionel Barrymore, Agnes de Mille, Thomas Wolfe, Margaret Webster, Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney. The young New Yorker remains in the Village about three years, or at least until he or she has reached the \$3500 a year bracket. Then the young career worker moves on to get a glimpse of the rest of New York, with its residential views of Central Park and the Hudson River. Many stay on to marry and raise a family in the more stable economic security of the Village, while others return, after years of voluntary exile, in an attempt to recapture the excitement and the stimulation the Village had given them in their youth.

OUR LADY OF SOUTH AMERICA

BETTY HARKIN

*... for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed
Because He that is mighty hath done great things to me*

THIS prophecy pronounced by Our Lady has been realized not only verbally in South America, but also visibly in the spectacular shrines in honor of the Mother of God. Although a land long without priests or the sacraments, the steadfast grip of these people on their faith, has kept their devotion to Our Lady glowing brightly.

A shrine honoring Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception is found in the village of La Florida, Uruguay. The statue was enthroned in a small chapel here by Jesuit missionaries toward the close of the eighteenth century. In a short time it was necessary to build a much larger church, so great was the number of pilgrims. In 1825, during the struggle for independence from Brazil, Lavajella, the leader of the Uruguayan forces brought his thirty-three companions here to ask Our Lady's aid in battle. Afterward, they succeeded in defeating the Brazilians, and eventually won the war. Since then, the statue has been known as *La Virgen de los Treinta y Tres* (the Virgin of the Thirty-Three), and is regarded as a national shrine.

A picture of mysterious origin is an object of great veneration in Higuey, Dominican Republic. Its history can be traced back to the beginning of the seventeenth century, when a Spanish colonist, setting out on a trip, was asked by his young daughter to bring back an image of *Nuestra Señora de Alta Gracia* (Our Lady of Alta Gracia). Never having heard of Our Lady under this title, he regarded it as merely a product of child's imagination until he chanced to tell his story to a family with whom he lodged. An old white-bearded guest at the house, upon hearing of the child's request, gave the traveler a cloth on which was a painting of the Blessed Mother adoring her Divine Infant. He said that this was *La Virgen de Alta Gracia*, and mysteriously disappeared.

It is now enshrined on the spot where the colonist is said to have met his daughter on his return. Even though it is located in a rural district in an area with a rather humid climate, pilgrims come here so often that the countryside is dotted with their tents. This may be due in part, however, to the fascination that the strange and mysterious hold for people.

Nuestra Señora de Andacollo (Our Lady of Andacollo) is the name of the famous statue in the seaport city of La Serena, Chile. When the Spanish conquerors brought it here during the sixteenth century, hostile Indians threatened to burn it. The people hid the statue to prevent its desecration, but the hiding place was forgotten. However, it was discovered over a hundred years later, and amid great ceremony it was borne in triumphal procession to its shrine. Every Christmas Eve special devotions are held in the magnificent church of enshrinement. They continue for three days, and on the last, the statue, a representation of Our Lady of the Rosary, is carried through the church in a solemn procession.

Shortly after the turn of the sixteenth century, an Italian sculptor fleeing

from the Indians in Paraguay, hid behind a tree, promising Our Lady, that in return for her protection from his pursuers, he would carve a statue from this tree. He was spared, and the statue, called *Nuestra Señora de Caacupe* (Our Lady of Caaenpe), was placed in his home in this city of southern Paraguay, and people soon came here to honor the statue. During a flood, the statue broke loose from its place in the home, but was found on the shore of a lake. It was later placed in a church erected for it, but during a war, the church was destroyed. In spite of this, the statue is still preserved and venerated. However, it is possible that the people are in this case, impelled by the glamour of visiting a statue amid ruins, which has its origin among the many strange tales to be found in the country.

The only shrine in South America commemorating an apparition of Our Lady is found in Venezuela, on the Caribbean coast, and bears the city's name, *Nuestra Señora de Coromota*. In 1651, the chief of the Caspes Indians, who had forbidden missionaries to come into his territory, is believed to have been told by the Blessed Mother, in a vision, to rescind his order. Probably greatly frightened, he and his tribe presented themselves for instruction. However, just before being received into the Church, the chief reneged. A year later, Our Lady again came and rebuked the chief for his failure. Enraged, he tried to seize the vision, but it fled, leaving him holding a picture of the Blessed Mother and the Infant. Still angered he attempted to burn the picture, but his nephew prevented him from doing so.

It now reposes in what is termed the most beautiful church in Venezuela. Its elaborate altar has three tabernacles, one above the other; the lowest for the Holy Eucharist, the middle one for the monstrance, and the top one holds the picture, almost symbolizing the indebtedness of the Catholic Church in Venezuela to the circumstances that brought this picture into existence.

The statue of *Nuestra Señora de la presentacion de Quinche* (Our Lady of the Presentation of Quinehe) was carved to the request of the Indians of Lumbie, Eeuador. They disliked the statue however, and sold it to another town. The Bishop of Quito finally was able to have it enshrined in the Christian town of Quinehe, where it was safe from pagan misuse. A little less than twenty years ago, the church was completed. Its beauty is striking. The statue rests in a niche above the main altar, and can be turned to face either the church, or the chapel behind the altar. Modeled after the image of *Our Lady of Guadalupe*, Our Lady holds the Infant in her right arm and a sceptre in her left hand; the Infant has one hand raised in blessing, the other holds the world.

As might be expected from its seat in Lima, the history of the last statue is interwoven with that of the Dominicans. Even its title, *Nuestra Señora del Rosario* (Our Lady of the Rosary), bespeaks this fact, and it is supposed to have been built in a Dominican monastery in England. In order to avoid the destruction of Henry VIII, the statue was smuggled out of the country and brought to the church of Santo Domingo in Lima. Even today people still make pilgrimages to the statue, which depicts Our Lady holding the Infant in one arm, and extending the Rosary in the hand of the other. Saint Rose of Lima is said to have spent many hours of ecstacy before the statue. It was here that she was advised to enter the Third Order of Saint Dominic instead of the cloister she was considering. Her mystic espousals with Our Lord took place here, and on the night before her funeral, when her

body reposed in the Church, a mysterious light emanated from the statue and illuminated and beautified her features. It is now on the Gospel side of the main altar, and the remains of Saint Rose as well as those of Blessed Martin de Parres and Fray de Matias, two saintly Peruvian Dominicans, are on the Epistle side.

Recalling the warnings given by Our Lady at Fatima to the effect that world chaos will be prevented only by consecration to her, it seems rather significant that South America has been spared from participation in either World War. Will the wise recognize the word?

Saint Thomas at Cana

*Thou hast charged the water of the Ancients,
Into sweet and satisfying wine—
That Christians, who have come to dine
May not want for draughts of truth—
But when the taste-tired Reason fain would fast
Thou hast brimmed our cups with sweet Theology
And “saved the better wine 'til last.”*

Joan Dolan

INTRODUCTION TO THE DRAMA SECTION

ALICE McCARTHY



LORIA is starting a Drama Section as an experiment. We have always gotten a goodly number of articles on the current theatre or the dramatic literature of the world. At times we have had to overlook some very fine material, because we did not wish to have an overproportion of material on one subject. The initiation of this section would give ample opportunity for many different types of articles on the theatre to appear in LORIA in one issue—these types would include interviews with people of the theatre, views on modern plays, feature articles on plays, playwrights, or characters in plays. In short, this section

would be the place for you to air your appreciation of or your theories on the drama.

If this experiment proves successful, it might mean that we would make similar sections for Fine Arts, Music, or even Philosophy, History and the Social Studies, in addition to the usual feature articles, poetry, short stories. This might help both you and us,—you, because you could anticipate what to write for LORIA and because it might arouse your interest in your magazine, and us, because we would then have many more articles to publish in LORIA.

The section for this issue may seem quite meagre to you. Remember that it is only a start and it is only an experiment. However, I believe the articles will appeal to you, simply because they *are* on the modern drama.

LOOK, MA, NANCY WALKER!

By ELLEN HEFFRON

RECENTLY, readers of the *New York World Telegram*, in reading an article on Nancy Walker, were startled to discover one of her hobbies to be Mathematics. Now you might expect someone taking her doctor's at Brown University to have Math as a hobby, but you would never expect to find an up-and-coming young actress to enjoy such an astonishing field. One of my first questions in interviewing Miss Walker received this response:

"I have always loved Math. While I was in school, it was the only subject I enjoyed doing and the one with which I had the least trouble in studying."

This young Broadway comedian-mathematician was born Ann Myrtle Swoyer in Philadelphia, twenty-five years ago. She is the daughter of Dewey Barto of the noted vaudeville team of Barto and Mann. Miss Walker first began her career as a vocalist with an orchestra and later as a radio singer. In 1941 she was invited to sing for the noted musical producer, George Abbott, who was expecting to hear some other singer named Walker. She was hired for his musical, "Best Foot Forward", because her serious rendition of a far from serious song convulsed him. This was the start of her successful career on Broadway.

Backstage at the Adelphi Theater where she is currently appearing in the hit, "Look, Ma, I'm Dancin!", people were running around me helter-skelter. The young and cheerful group of actors and actresses wore very heavy and far from subtle stage makeup. They talked and were friendly just as any group of young people might. After a few minutes, Nancy Walker came out of her dressing room and excused herself for keeping me waiting. She asked me if I minded walking around to her garage as she was in a hurry to keep an appointment. The minutes from then until she drove away in her small black convertible passed pleasantly but much too quickly.

Miss Walker has appeared in three Hollywood movies, "Best Foot Forward", "Broadway Rhythm", and "Girl Crazy", and so I was surprised to hear Nancy say:

"I don't like Hollywood at all. It's terribly hard work. I prefer the stage much more and am happiest when I am in the sort of show I am in presently."

Brooks Atkinson, in his article on Nancy Walker appearing in the Sunday theater section of the *New York Times* of February 8, 1948, says:

Miss Walker is a very active young lady who gets around the stage rapidly, and with a precise sense of timing, throws some sound physical humor into her acting. What she accomplishes is larger than life. Her style is broad exaggeration and the best musical entertainment anyone of her generation has brought to the theater.

In her present show, she is cast as the daughter of a wealthy brewer. She is enthusiastic about ballet dancing for which she has no talent. However she manages to buy her way into a Russian ballet troupe. Her bit parts

enable her to do much clowning at which she makes a perfect "lady buffoon". She has to go through some very difficult positions at which she is very awkward.

"I have really been dancing most all of my life but not exactly this kind of dancing. I studied ballet for more than a year so that I would know how to make fun of dancing accurately."

While waiting for my interview, I had been talking to a very tiny and personable young lady. I noticed that she acted very much like Nancy Walker and was singing some of her songs. I asked her if she was Nancy's understudy and she said she was and was also her sister. Nancy is very fond of her sister who is Betty Lou Barto. She is a very young seventeen.

"She's really a swell kid, and she's good too", was Nancy's honest reply to my inquiry about her sister.

This versatile star will be remembered for her part of the hard-hitting lady taxi driver who, lacking charm had to acquire a boyfriend by force in "On the Town". In "Barefoot Boy with Check" she was a cynical, direct-action communist who was trying to over-run college life.

Nancy is quite short, about four feet, eleven inches tall. She is sturdily built, attractive but not beautiful, and has a very pleasing personality. It is this personality and talent that has kept her on the musical stage and away from a possible doctor's in mathematics from Brown.

MEDEA

PHYLLIS DiGIACOMO

FOR those theatre devotées who desire an experience never to be forgotten, I heartily recommend the current Broadway production of "Medea", freely adapted from the Greek of Euripides by Robinson Jeffers and starring Miss Judith Anderson. Mr. Jeffers, in his translation, has retained all the music and rhythm of the original Greek but it is Miss Anderson who brings the words to life. Her performance is a symbol of power, an event that places her among the stage "greats".

Certainly, the force of the character she portrays forms the foundation of her inspiring interpretation. In Medea, the wife whom Jason has deserted in order to make a more advantageous marriage, are mingled all a woman's hate, pride, violence and cunning. Hers is a religion of hate. Medea cries out for justice but the chorus tells her that actually she seeks: "Not justice: vengeance."

Miss Anderson plays Medea in the grand manner, using her body as well as her voice to produce something utterly overwhelming. With a terrible beauty and grace, she moves and crouches and springs, evoking both terror and pity. Her makeup, too, is expressive—hate fairly burns in her dark, mobile face and black eyes. Her Medea is pure evil, dangerous, cruel and ruthless. It is truly a masterful performance, intense throughout, yet holding the audience from beginning to end. Here is the art of acting in the great tradition!

TRAGEDY TODAY

JOAN DOHERTY

TRAGEDY as it is today has no definition. But to say that it has no definition, does not necessarily imply that it has no existence. How often have you heard people remark that, "Tragedy has largely passed from our stage today." This is absolutely fantastic. If these people would only drop their diamond studded, harlequin-shaped glasses for a moment, and look at things as they really are, they might see something. If they would only brush from their eyes all the sophistication and artificiality that surrounds them, they might see something. They might actually see tragedy! Tragedy cannot pass from the American stage today, or any other stage, as long as we have human beings caught in a chain of events beyond their control, as long as chance and accident and unpredictable circumstance cry halt to an individual who can not stop. Nor as long as we have creative artists. For creative artists are much alike in each generation. It would make little difference to Euripides if he found himself in the stokehole of a steamship, or to O'Neill if he stood on the battlements of Troy.

But if tragedy cannot be defined, how then can it be identified? It's identity rests in the fact that today, tragedy is merely a classifying word which can be used for purposes of discussing the drama. It is, as is also true of comedy, farce and melodrama, only a label academically pasted onto stories which creative writers contrive for the stage because they have a story they feel they must tell. If the proportions of the story are heroic and its characters move with finality toward inevitable catastrophe and the mood of grandeur overshadows the fact of defeat, then we have tragedy—even today.

If the play is of our day, it cannot escape the vocabulary of our day—the vocabulary of ideas and attitudes and philosophic suppositions as well as of words. However, the tragedy of today, if it is really great tragedy, is no more restricted by its topicality than the older tragedies which have come down to us. For human character—with its essential tragedy—goes on much the same.

PERSON OR CASE

CATHERINE BUTLER



of man without God. Briefly, man has replaced God as the center of life.

At present, my interest is in the field of social work. The term "social work" may connote various meanings to different people. Some may think that it consists merely in giving financial assistance to those who are in need. Others may believe that it is in the placing and visiting of children in foster homes or arranging for adoptions. Both of these opinions are to some degree true but the term "social work" has a much wider meaning than either of these two ideas convey.

Social work is concerned with man as a human being and whatever enters into his life. Since man is by nature a social animal and does not live isolated or in a vacuum, social work deals mainly with the problems that a person faces in his interaction with others. These problems may be financial, marital, occupational, medical, educational or religious. We may say, in brief, that whatever promotes or inhibits the development of the person and society would form the material for the field of social work.

In viewing man in society it is necessary to avoid two extremes. One extreme is to be overconcerned with the physical conditions of society. The other extreme is to adopt a policy of apathy which refuses to be aware of any need for social planning that would assist those people who are termed less fortunate. Both of these views are dangerous and contrary to a true Christian spirit. Perhaps we might say that the former extreme is a reaction to the latter view of indifference.

It is essential that we adopt a via media and recognize the dignity of the human being as a composite of body and soul, destined for God and dependent on God for existence. If we recognize this dualism in man we shall be unable to ignore the influence of the material or physical on the spiritual part of man. Likewise we shall recognize the supremacy of the

WITHIN the last twenty years there has been a growing trend to be particularly concerned with man and his surroundings. In fact it can be said that man has formed the center of attraction and the attention of psychologists, sociologists and social workers—to mention a few—has been focused on this mysterious being in an attempt to analyze and determine "what makes him tick." This extensive and excessive study of man is in danger of becoming a religion not because it is a study of man but because it is a study

spiritual over the material and thus avoid the excessive and inordinate concern over the material. We shall also realize that the present or visible life is not the whole of reality.

Intelligent people have nearly always recognized that heredity and environment exercise an important influence in forming the human person. However, there has often been a tendency to disregard one of the essential parts in the definition of a person—e.g., his free will. If we ignore man's free will we make him a product of his heredity and environment and divorce him from all responsibility. A belief such as this is detrimental to society but fortunately it has never been followed to its logical conclusion. A Christian social worker has a twofold obligation. She must not only recognize the free will of the individual but also the operation of grace which "enlightens the mind and moves the will to do good and to avoid evil."

In trying to assist the person to do the good and to avoid the evil the social worker herself must have a clear idea of what is the good in a particular case. Therefore she must be a reasonable person with a strong love for her client and have the ability to see the hierarchy of values in life. As Ed Willock in April's issue of *Integrity* puts it "the sentimental social worker grieves because of the bad material conditions of the poor, because she can see the dirt and smell the garbage, but doesn't even notice the spiritual penury on all sides. So she recommends social security but doesn't mention prayer, agitates for better housing rather than frequent Confession and suggests visits to the clinic in lieu of moral virtue."

The fact that social work is a growing field is of great interest and unfortunately of joy to those who are planning to enter this profession. Whatever is the cause for this growth—our decaying civilization or the lack of personal responsibility, one point seems essential in regard to its organization. The parish should be the natural center for social work. This is recognized to some extent but still more responsibility must be assumed by the parish. Large organizations often fail to assist the person because much "red tape" is involved. The work becomes impersonal and it is frequently humiliating for the person because a Christian love is not present. A warning to every social worker flows from this. One must always remember that she is dealing with another human being and not merely Case 10570.

SOUTH AMERICA'S MEDICAL ACHIEVEMENTS

MARIE ANNE MAY



ONE of the most important factors in the progress of a nation is the good health of the people. This is almost the first problem to be coped with in the development of a country. South America now realizes this, and governments of many of the South American nations have taken definite steps in an attempt to achieve the goal of healthy, able-bodied citizens with the ambition to advance socially, industrially, and culturally.

Much of South America has a climate conducive to the spread of tropical diseases, which makes the task doubly hard. Just because of this, they are in need of more medical services than many another better situated place, but similar to the problem in the United States, the poor outlying districts remain in dire need. Though extreme poverty and un-

hygienic conditions form an overall picture of the health situation, throughout the country districts where most of the population is concentrated, still the interest in scientific development shown by many governments as well as the activities of private practitioners and missionaries give great hopes.

In Venezuela the government has established community sanitary units, seven hospitals with the most modern equipment, as well as a psychiatric hospital, a clinic, a maternity hospital, and a municipal sanatorium for tubercular children. The director of the new public health project is a twenty-six year old native Venezuelan of Indian parentage. He was graduated from Johns Hopkins where he had been sent as a government student. The capability of his work is drawing attention, and presents a point of further encouragement in that he is not the only South American being trained to work among his people and bring to them the blessings of modern scientific achievement from which they have been cut off in great measure. Fellowships have been granted for training in sanitary engineering and in public health administration, for training at Johns Hopkins School of Hygiene and Public Health, Harvard School of Public Health, and the University of Toronto School of Nursing.

Besides the shortage of physicians another very great obstacle to be overcome was the lack of trained nurses, the nursing profession being considered almost a disgrace, fit only for an uneducated servant girl. But this attitude has been greatly overcome as a result of the admirable work of a brilliant Venezuelan girl, Ysabel Helena Gomez Velutini, who made herself an inspiration and a symbol to many another well bred girl to enter also this very noble profession. Miss Gomez has deservedly been termed "the Florence Nightingale of Venezuela".

In addition to the work of government sponsored health projects, private practitioners are also making valuable contributions. For example, Dr. E. P. de Bellard has been working in Caracas for over twenty years, and having built a successful modern clinic of his own, is recognized as an outstanding medical man. A graduate of Tulane University, he comes from New Orleans.

One topic that could hardly be overlooked in these regions is that of leprosy. But many of the dread implications of the term are now gone, thanks in great measure to the efforts of one of the world's few authorities on the dreadful disease, Dr. Martan Vegas of Venezuela. For years he has been experimenting with chaulmugra oil, and while this period of trial continues, he has endeavored to change the old asylums where people only waited to die into modern institutions akin to hospitals, with hopeful medical activity and comfortable apartments for the patients.

The activities described in the field of scientific health projects are typical of conditions throughout South America, many of the big cities having excellent medical and hospital centers, among them the famous Oswaldo Cruz Institute at Rio de Janeiro. The rural districts still are without hospitals and medical aid. The recognition, however, that this health development is necessary and the efforts that have already been exerted towards achieving the goal give great promise for the future.

Springtime Story

*The world awakens from her dreary night
As long ago, a city did from woe;
How cold the days bereft of sunshine's glow,
Yet colder still those three of sacred flight.
How long the wait through winter's cheerless chill,
As endless did the guilt of Eden seem;
But when the Cross was carried to redeem
The shame and sorrow of the years stood still.*

*Now gone they are, for from His grace sin fleets,
And Paradise the righteous can reclaim.
The fields and flowers burst forth into bloom
So joyous they, as justice mercy meets;
With sweetness does the sparrows song proclaim
The tidings of the Angel at the tomb!*

Betty Harkin

COLLEGE HIGHLIGHTS

MARY O'KEEFE

Curricular

On June 21 *Adelphi College* inaugurates its summer workshop. The project, directed by Victor E. Jacoby, will present a galaxy of leading authors, actors, producers, composers, operatic stars, playwrights and dancers who will combine their talents in this unique endeavor.

Most of these people will come straight from the White Way and are billed to teach in cooperation with regular members of the college faculty in their respective fields.

The list of talent is headed by John Golden and Eddie Dowling. They will bring with them actors, playwrights, scene and costume designers. In addition to his own participation in the workshop Mr. Golden will rehearse and produce a number of plays on the college Campus. Willie Howard and Milton Berle will join Mr. Golden and Mr. Dowling in the teaching of the drama courses led by a member of the faculty.

Burton Rascoe, author, critic and editor, and former drama critic of the New York World Telegram will co-collaborate with Woodrow Lawn of the English Department in the Creative Writing. Mr. Costain, author of *The Black Rose* and novelist Louis Paul will also participate.

Music workshop staffs a list of notables headed by Rise Stevens. Three distinguished American painters Rockwell Kent, Gordon Grant and Dean Cornwell will share in painting and sculpture workshop. Radio will be represented by Edward C. Cole, Sterling Fischer, Earle McGill, Sam J. Slate

and others. (Several network programs will originate from campus theater and students will participate in broadcasts from station W W L I.) Sibyl Shearer, Maxine Munt and Alfred Brooks and Walter Terry will assist in the dance department.

The workshops will have a run of six weeks and will be accredited. They are designed for young professionals as well as intermediate and advanced students.

Hervey Junior College, operated by the YMCA, at 63rd St., N. Y. C. offers a cooperative educational program. Students are teamed in pairs, with one team in class for twelve weeks, while the other team holds full-time jobs. Then they change places.

Courses are offered in liberal arts, arts, business and technical courses.

Local 'cooperative firms' consist of radio networks, department stores, newspapers, insurance offices, radio engineers, chemical companies, manufacturing plants and accounting houses.

Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio has adopted a similar plan and boasts 240,000 man-hours of work to date. On March 24 five hundred students went out to work, for three months in research labs, business offices and social service organizations all over the country. Their desks will be filled by returning students.

Wellesley College now offers an honors course in medieval study, a new field of concentration. The curriculum is designed to provide a broader understanding of the forma-

tive period of European culture than can be gained in a single department. Wellesley is the first woman's College to offer an interdepartmental program in this field.

The course will consist of 42 hours, 30 of which will be devoted to history, Latin, philosophy and an integrating seminar and 12 to Art, Bible History or Literature.

Extra-Curricular

Hunter College girls of all faiths work and play together in Roosevelt House. The former city home of the Roosevelts serves as headquarters for Protestant, Catholic and Jewish clubs where girls study, meet, hold dances, read, play ping-pong and discuss the affairs of the world.

New Rochelle College's Athletic Association sponsors a Fun Weekend with the aim of introducing a greater use of recreational facilities on campus. Among the gaieties planned are scavenger hunts, marble tournaments, bridge tournaments, record playing in the library, song fests, ping-pong and volley ball.

Vassar College stimulates student interest in politics by formation of action groups working with larger national groups such as YDA, SDA and YPCA.

Drama

CCNY has started its own theater to fight inflation. Students took over an old gym, Warner Hall, adjacent to the campus and fixed it

up. It seats 600 people. Production costs have been lowered greatly and have enabled the drama group to cut the price of tickets in half.

Fordham University—Mimes and Mummers, the campus dramatic society put on a colossal masked production of O'Neill's *Lazarus Laughed*, during the month of April. Box office sale was greater than that of any previous year. The only fault found was with the play itself.

On April 30, May 1, 3 and 4 *Adelphi College* will stage John Gay's musical comedy, *The Beggar's Opera*. On April 28 the Hempstead radio station (WHNY) will broadcast it at 8 o'clock. The comedy itself has been performed someplace every year for 200 years. Its much fought for parts, its music, its stabs at the conditions of politics, society, and literature of the Seventeenth Century, its comedy provide all-round entertainment.

Campus Personality

Eugene Sekors, Adelphi Student has recently formed a Nu-Talent Agency. The purpose of the organization is to secure part-time employment for students who would like to entertain at local night spots, weddings, lodges, etc. Gene holds auditions and then gets bookings. He charges 10% commission if successful. He hopes to make talent agency a career. Upon checking with Nassau authorities for a license he discovered that he was the only one in that field!

CLUB NOTES

MARIE ANNE MAY

A COLLEGE without clubs would almost cease to be a college in every implication of that word. And a student who did not avail herself of the opportunities to be secured through active membership in them would actually be depriving herself of one of the most important aspects of her college education, the practical aspect of working with other people, whether it be to discuss ideas, to cooperate on joint projects, to recreate as a group, or to study intensively on a subject of mutual interest.

“Student Speaks” is such a discussion club, whose aim is to train students to speak in public on topics concerning their religion. They have had a very fruitful semester, having sponsored two outside talks delivered by Margaret Adams, Kay Butler, Alice McCarthy, and Wanda Rowinski. They spoke at Immaculate Heart of Mary Parish and at the Newman Club of Prospect Heights High School on the general topic “secularism”. The club holds two meetings each month at school, and is planning a program in the “rec room” for undergrads.

Interesting discussion and group cooperation on various topics is also featured by the debating club. They too have shown by their many activities that they are fulfilling their purpose. Besides weekly debates and discussions among members, the society participated in the NFCCS tournament sponsored by St. Peter’s College and held at St. Joseph’s, with Seton Hall College furnishing the opposing team. The advisability of adopting a world government was debated with Iona College and with Good Counsel College by Wanda Rowinski and Marie Gambino.

Of a somewhat different nature is the choir. This club aids in an appreciation of the liturgy through the singing of chant. In view of this, it should rank as one of the most important clubs in a Catholic college. Each week, the choir in union with the student body chants vespers, and every first Friday it sings high Mass in the college chapel. During Holy Week the choir aided in the services of Holy Thursday, Good Friday, and Holy Saturday. Recently it supplied, on request, the musical selections for the “Hail Mary Hour” radio program, and it expects also to provide the musical selections for commencement. Thus the choir provides group cooperation, musical interest, and above all, actual and intelligent participation in the liturgy of the Church.

The Chapel Players have big plans for June. They are going to perform the Greek drama, *Antigone*, on the outdoor stage on the campus during commencement week. The entire production will be under the direction of Miss Regina Owens. This will be the first time that a Greek play will have been produced at St. Joseph’s. The challenge thereby offered to the director, cast and technical crew, is tremendous, not to say magnificent.



The BOOKWORM



THE ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN

By SEAMUS McMANUS
MacMillan
New York, 1938
324 pages

convinced that their particular life stories must be utterly fascinating to all. Happily, Seamus McManus, Irish story-teller, poet and lecturer, assumes no such thing in his autobiography, *The Rocky Road to Dublin*. Here is a book which gives us in short chapters, each a story in itself, the author's life from childhood to final literary success at the end of "the rocky road" with a minimum of back-slapping. Spurning the traditional "I" "me" routine, the author tells his story in the third person, referring to himself as "the boy" or "the writer" or "the (school-) Master" throughout this tale of one of Ireland's sons.

But whether or not your pedigree includes any Irish blood, *The Rocky Road to Dublin* sketches such quick, complete scenes of life in County Donegal that the reader feels sure he could go out and cut turf with the best of them when he has finished the book. Mr. McManus dominates each of these scenes subtly and skilfully. Whether "Jaimie" is at school or a wake or a wedding, he is telling the story of what he saw and heard and learned without the "truck and trimmings" which he abhors, but without once relinquishing the spotlight. There is, however, an outlet for the author's overflowing memories, side-remarks, and colorful explanations in his voluminous footnotes. They are the most unimposing (not a prickly date among them) and delightful you will find in many a day, as they tell us just a word more

WHEN a man comes to that point in his career where the public—real or imaginary—calls for his biography, and he graciously responds, then comes the test-case of his career. Writers especially indulge in this dangerous pastime,

about the "loch" or the "shanachie" (story-teller) or the "character" being discussed.

The book is chock-full of these country neighbors of the author's whom he labels simply, "characters"—and that they are! He tells us about Donal a-Thoorish, the fiddler and Owen O'Cuinn, the wandering shanachie, and Father Mick of Glen Ainey and scores of others without stopping to catch his breath once. Packed in between the sights and scenes of his youth Seamus MacManus has slipped in many an Irish gripe against England's rule. Although basically outrageous happenings are related by the author, he uses the worst weapon of all against that country: laughter. The story-teller inevitably overcomes the reformer as Mr. MacManus tells us of tactics of the National Board of Education, for instance, to oust patriot teachers from their positions in Ireland. But despite the rancor for British laws (which "are made for Irishmen to break") there is still that same implication that it is a family affair and though you may sympathize with the country, "we'll take care of it all our own way, thanks."

The best part, by far, of *The Rocky Road to Dublin* is the first portion dealing with "the boy" as he roamed the Irish countryside. Here there is none of the forced remembrance or slightly labored humor which are evident in the latter sections of the book dealing with "the traveler" or "the master" or "the writer". As for the inevitable "Good People" who wander about the book, well, I can take fairies or leave them alone, but these particular ones were not too offensive, and what is more, were not too frequent.

Taken as a whole, the book provides much enjoyment as it opens the door to the Irish fireside in Donegal and to the Irish heart of a famous man.

M. E. HOLIHAN

I SING OF A MAIDEN

By SISTER M. THERESE, ED.

MacMillan

New York, 1947

459 pages

*I sing of a maiden that
Matchless is,
King of all kings is her son
I wis . . .
Mother and maiden
Was ne'er none but she
Well may such a lady
God's mother be.*

THROUGH all ages man has written of woman, yet of all women, only of one have poets written from the days of the prophets to the present time. Only one; a spotless and pure maiden and mother.

Catholics and non-Catholics alike have been universal in their praise of Mary, and Sr. Therese has taken the choicest of all the songs sung to Mary and placed them between two blue covers to form "I Sing of a Maiden." It is interesting to note that she has devoted one half of the book to the writers of the past 150 years and the other half to writers of the preceding centuries.

Throughout the book, Mary is appealed to, praised, sought, questioned and loved under various titles, such as: the "maiden ring-adorned," "Star of Galilee," "Queen of Heaven," and many more. She is sought by those who have her and by those in search of her as is shown by Cornelia Otis Skinner's "To a Sistine Madonna."

*Mary most serenely fair,
Hear an unbeliever's prayer.
Nurtured in an austere creed,
Sweetest Lady, she has need
Of the solace of thy grace;
See the tears that stain her face
As she kneels to beg your love,
You whom no one told her of.*

Authors, both well known and unknown, are discovered in the Biographical Notes on each author. A search of the notes yielded the information that the poem (Our Lady of the Libraries) is by an alumna of St. Joseph's College for Women, Sister Mary Ignatius C.S.J. Men of all faiths are eloquent in their praise of Mary as poems by Kipling, Wordsworth, Chaucer, Chesterton, Oscar Wilde and Wilfred Meynell, sit side by side. Sr. Therese, editor of the collection, has written perhaps one of the most beautiful poems in the entire book, "I Send Our Lady".

*I may not venture to your door
And lift the latch, as I would do;
I send Our Lady in my stead
Tonight, to comfort you . . .
Beyond the touch of any thought
Our little word that she may speak,
Will be the solace of her arms,
Her kiss upon your cheek . . .*

Sister Therese has been writing poetry since she was a child. She is a conservatory graduate in piano and took her bachelor's and master's degrees in English Literature at Marquette University. She belongs to the Congregation of the Sisters of the Divine Saviour, is a member of the Gallery of Living Catholic Authors and a charter member of the Catholic Poetry Society of America.

This collection of poems is certainly one of the best we have today. Sr. Therese has done a magnificent job in selecting each poem. From "Genesis" and the ancient liturgies, Latin and Greek poetry, along the road to Tyburn, down to the present minute, in every part of the world, there were and there are souls who longed for her of whom they knew no name. But they've used a thousand titles searching for that name, the name of a woman they have glimpsed; a woman because of whom all womankind is sacred.

Perhaps the theme of "I Sing of a Maiden" is best summed up in lines with which Sister Mary Ignatius originally closed her poem on "Our Lady of the Libraries."

*She storms their cities from within:
When scholars dream it not,
A thousand muted tomes will burst
With her Magnificat!*

Jean Walsh

THE IDES OF MARCH

By THORNTON WILDER
Harper & Brothers
New York, 1948
246 pages

THE stamp of originality has always been upon the works of Thornton Wilder but never more startlingly than upon *The Ides of March*. Written in epistolary form and falling into a narrative pattern, it may be called, as Mr. Wilder puts

it, 'a fantasia upon certain events and persons of the last days of the Roman Republic.' A product of both his rich imagination and scholarly background this fantasia is neither pure fiction nor pure history. Certain people in the book never lived at all, while others are chronologically out of place. Nevertheless, *The Ides of March* has the authentic flavor of Rome and the reality which comes from the treatment of historical characters, traditions and events.

A series of letters written to Caesar, from Caesar and among Caesar's friends tells the story. Several of these letters consist of tawdry gossip, but on the value of these alone the work does not pretend to stand. From the sum total of the letters we get a very humanized account of Roman life in the last days of Caesar. Mr. Wilder paints 'a behind the scenes' picture of a Rome which one usually connects with the word grandeur, grandeur in wealth, power and laws. Taking in the intimate feelings, thoughts and even the scandals of the time, the letters serve to indicate the hopelessness of pagan life and to bring to light the fear which lurked deep in the pagan mind.

However, the chief importance of this work lies in the character of Caesar, seen particularly in the letters he writes to his friend Lucius Mamilius Turrinus of the Isle of Capri. These letters contain Caesar's ideas on his dictatorial powers, his ambitions, his fears, misgivings, his supreme confidence in himself and his great devotion to his country. Here Mr. Wilder has done a marvelous job of analysis. Death, fate, the gods and the meaning of life are also food for Caesar's thought. These cogitations are based on the quotation with which Mr. Wilder prefaces his work:

Gloss: Out of man's recognition in fear and awe that there is an Unknowable comes all that is best in the exploration of his mind.

In one of the early letters to his friend Caesar wrote that he had composed an edict to abolish all religious observances, but had quickly torn it up. From early youth he rested in the conviction that there was no God, but when the time came to test his convictions by putting them into action, he was not so sure. And thus he writes:

Some last hesitation arrests my hand.

It seems to me that there are four realms in which, with dread, I see in my life and in the life about me, the possibility of this mystery (a mind in and behind the universe):

The erotic—have we not explained away too easily all that accompanies the fires that populate the world?

... but great poetry, is that merely the topmost achievement of the man's powers or is that a voice from beyond man?

Thirdly, a moment that accompanies my illness and whose intimation of greater knowledge and happiness I cannot hastily dismiss.

And finally, I cannot deny that at times I am aware that my life and my services to Rome have been shaped by a power beyond myself.

This type of letter is found at well spaced intervals in the book. The man which it portrays is not the Caesar of the historians. It is a thinking, speaking, humanized Caesar.

The Ides of March has performed a great service. History was once a part of literature because it had great human value. It still has its value, but not the type that makes it literature or that makes it accessible to a wide reading public. A humanized treatment of history can perform this service. We feel that *The Ides of March* is such a work.

Mary O'Keefe

A CENTURY OF THE CATHOLIC ESSAY
By RAPHAEL H. GROSS
J. P. L. Lippincott Co.
New York, 1946
352 pages

THE aim of this book, as stated in the Preface by its author, is to bring the work of Catholic essayists into focus for the general reader. Its viewpoint is both Catholic and cultural and the range of authors included is as wide as it is varied.

Moreover, great consideration has been given to diversity of type and theme. The two parts of this book provide the main division into formal and informal essays but within the scope of these one finds examples of such types as short story, biographical and scholarly essays. Eight groups of general essays each are variously headed, The Texture of Life, Literature and Art, The Church and the Modern World, and other titles which are indicative of the essays' content.

More than twenty of the essayists represented in this collection were converts to Catholicism. These, with the others, range in time from Newman to the present with such favorites as Chesterton at both his serious and humorous best, Ronald Knox and Coventry Patmore commenting on diverse phases of literature, and the inimitable Father Feeny inspiring as much laughter as usual. And, of course, Alice Meynell, Louise Guiney and Hillaire Belloc provide us with the informal essays on such subjects as delightful and as captivating as children and puppies.

A Century of the Catholic Essay is an unusual and effective review of a too-often neglected phase of literature. It is the former because it does not seek to represent the authors by their very best or most well known works and it is the latter because it can serve the two-fold purpose of a textbook or an anthology of Catholic prose since the Oxford Movement. All the familiar names are present as well as a few favorite pieces. The mood of the reader is appealed to by both the eight-fold division and the numerous viewpoints exhibited. This is a thoroughly enjoyable collection and is inestimably valuable in viewing the Catholic literary tradition.

PATRICIA BREE

WHATSOEVER HE SHALL SAY

By FERDINAND VALENTINE, OP.
Blackfriars Publications
Oxford, 1946
121 pages

young women to the reality and adventure of the spiritual life, which Father Valentine calls "a personal romance".

In the first "letter", Father points out to a wondering Theophila that the Catechism question "Who made you?", instead of being "God made me", should be "God is making me". By the primary fact of God's presence within us, Father began a logical and clear development of this theme.

Prayer—union with God—is explained, as well as the method of prayer. There is an appendix entitled *How To Make a Mental Prayer*. Also of interest is the bibliography for further reading and study.

Far from being abstruse and difficult, it is practical and simple in style and presentation. Father has the happy gift of the ability to explain philosophical and theological truths simply and naturally, and suited to the understanding of one who has had no training in either field as well as to a student of philosophy. This book, while not closed to the girl who intends to enter religion is very definitely suited to the "average" young woman whose life will be lived in the world. Every collegian should read it. Without doubt, the reader will be impressed—and perhaps be motivated some degree to search for and do "Whatsoever He Shall Say".

AUDREY SORRENTO

 THE GREAT REHEARSAL

By CARL VAN DOREN
Viking Press
New York, 1948
336 pages

has entitled his latest literary work describing the efforts of America's earliest statesmen to create unity from a practical chaos "The Great Rehearsal".

"The Great Rehearsal" is a lively, inspiring narrative of the situations which culminated in the adoption of the Constitution, as such, as the supreme law of the United States. It describes the complex problem which confronted America, recently freed from British domination, in her attempt to establish a working order of government among peoples of varying interests, ideals and outlooks.

It is not Carl Van Doren's purpose, as the title of his book, "The Great Rehearsal," might suggest, to draw parallels between events in America in 1787 and those in the world as a whole in 1948. He presents no specific reference to the happenings of 1948 nor any relation they might bear to those of 1787. He presents the facts of the situation in America and permits the reader to draw whatever conclusions and inferences he might deem appropriate. He

WRITTEN in the form of a letter, *Whatsoever He Shall Say* is a chatty, informative introduction to the spiritual life. While it is noted that the book may profit Theophilus, as well as Theophila, it is particularly suited to awaken

does not propose America's solution to the problem of unification as that to be adopted by those dealing with a similar problem among the nations of today. Van Doren merely seeks to suggest by entitling his work "The Great Rehearsal" that history is in some respects repeating itself with regard to the circumstances, conditions, etc. in the two situations.

Claire Dunne

EDITORIALS

INDICTMENT

WE have rejected the yoke that is sweet, and bowed to the yoke of fear. We have feared discomfort and loss, the pang of hunger and thirst, and have been abject before the opinions of men. We have lost the integrity of the human heart; we have gone to the dying ember for warmth and to the flickering lamp for light.

*"We are the mediocre;
we are the half-givers;
we are the half-lovers;
we are the savorless salt."*

As Catholic college students we hate to admit that Caryll Houselander is speaking to us, or we don't much care. But we should mind. That we are fit "to be trodden underfoot," should make us ashamed because we are thereby betraying a cause, the cause of Christ. When we relegate all thoughts of active Christianity to Sunday, when we live the life of the pagans around us, we deny our Christianity.

If we call ourselves Catholics, we should act as Catholics. And Catholicism is a definite way of life, intellectually and emotionally, physically and spiritually. Read the New Testament, and then deny this, if you dare!

Our school work and our extra-curricular activities, not to mention the religious support which we give to the school's programs lack the driving force, the vitality that they would have, were we striving to be truly Christian. We prepare for our vocations with only a superficial thought to our role as Christians, which is to apostolize, according to the commission given us at Confirmation, the forgotten sacrament.

We say, "I will give good example to those around me, that is enough". This is merely lip service. Where is our "example", when we do not live our faith, or realize that there is a Christian viewpoint in looking at the world, and even a Christian attitude for us in our own particular vocation? We cannot love mammon and hear Christ at once.

These words may be annoying, but they would not have had to be written, if we possessed a living Catholicism. These words, to some, may seem radical,

but Christianity is radical—that is why good Christians have always been persecuted. These words are meant to bring in you a desire for the Christian way of life, which Caryll Houselander describes for us, and which is meant for every girl in St. Joseph's this Spring of 1948:

*Shine in us, Emmanuel,
Shadowless Light:
Flame in us, Emmanuel,
Fire of love,
Burn in us, Emmanuel,
Morning Star:
Emmanuel!
God-with-us!*

Alice McCarthy

NATURALISM OR SUPERNATURALISM

After reading a few of the works of Hemingway, Dos Passos, Faulkner, Farrell and the like, it is not too difficult to nod one's head in agreement with St. Marc Girardin when he says, "Formerly the imagination created saints for its legends, today it makes devils for its novels."

The first of these so called trends in modern literature resulted in part from the "new science" of the nineteenth century, when Tyndall insisted that all the older religious cosmogonies must absolutely submit to the control of science" and scientists not forget that in Matter lies the real "promise and potency" of life.

With God out of the Universe, Naturalism, with the aid of Huxley, moved in. Of course this new tenant proved to be rather difficult at first, since man had been a bit used to following—not nature and his own instincts—but ideas, principles and laws given him by God. Naturalism became even more difficult, or should I say impossible when it proceeded to show man what a pitiful thing he really was. For when nature got through with him, he no longer seemed rich or august, important or wonderful. He seemed only very sick. John Dos Passos, among other writers, embraced this new theory with alacrity, telling us that man is only a "museum of diseases" who begins his life in dirt and departs from it with a stench. Man, he sneers, is made to the image and likeness of an animal.

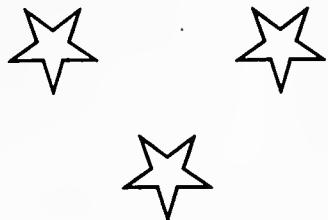
Actually I don't think it at all unreasonable to demand that a writer present his characters as characters—have his people act like people. Let men and women of fiction fall to any depths, but let them fall as men and women. There is a world of difference between a fallen angel and a fallen simian. Mr. McLendon, a William Faulkner creation, is a potent example of the fallen simian. He, as a leader of a lynching party, is a gigantic symbol of every form of cruelty. And after every lynching he goes home to wreak further cruelties upon his wife. On the other hand, the Russian chauffeur in Bernanos' Joy may be recognized with little difficulty as the fallen angel. And so, although both the servant and Mr. McLendon are fallen characters, the places from which they have fallen are quite different—one from a pedestal, the other from the floor.

Georges Bernanos, as a strong leader in the Catholic Literary Revival, has done much to counteract this naturalistic (or is the word neurotic?) tendency in literature. Waugh, Chesterton and Belloc have made satire a strong weapon. Gay and brilliant minds have joined in their laughter and ridicule, much to the discomfiture of the 'isms and 'ists.

It is the purpose of Catholic writers today to continue in that great tradition of making divine truth prevail over pagan 'isms—naturalism, being perhaps the most prevalent and dangerous of them all. Their task is gigantic. Since the "Reformation" four centuries ago, men in increasing numbers have darkened their souls against the light of Christ, worshipping false gods so consistently that the habit of paganism lies black over the earth, and men's souls are dead. They must be reborn again of water and the Holy Ghost.

Joan Doherty

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